The Wellsboro Gazette.

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MORE ABOUT THAT WILSON SPEECH

He Is Not Paid to Represent One Class of Citizens to the Detriment of Another Class

(From the Monthly Bulletin.)

Secretary William B. Wilson, of the Department of Labor made an address before the Federation of Labor in Seattle, Washington, for which he should have been called sharply to account by his chief and sponsor, the President of the United States.

The fact that Secretary Wilson is an active labor unionist is nothing to his discredit. In private life he has a perfect right to talk and feel about industrial questions as he sees fit. There can be no objection to the appointment of a representative of organized wage-earners to the cabinet, but it is the duty of that representative to drop all partisanship, bias and prejudice the moment he enters upon his official work.

Nothing can justify the unfair and incendiary attacks upon capital contained in Secretary Wilson's Seattle speech. His evident animosity against men who employ labor cannot be excused on the grounds that he was, himself, at one time, a wage earner. Mr. Wilson should know—and if he does not know, the President should promptly inform him of the fact—that he is not paid to represent one class of citizens any more than is the Secretary of State or the Secretary of the Treasury.

The government hires no agitators and no official class representatives, as such, but it seeks to employ the services and abilities of broadminded, capable men, who will administer the public affairs entrusted to them for the benefit of the whole people, and not for the trades unions alone.

As the Philadelphia Public Ledger remarked editorially in criticism of Secretary Wilson's speech:

"He espouses, as a representative of the Government, which consists of 100,000,000 people, the cause of about 2,500,000 to 3,000,000 members of labor unions and treats with contempt not only the interests of the employers, but of the enormous army of 30,000,000 workers engaged in gainful employments who are not members of the union."

Or, as the Philadelphia Press says:

Secretary Wilson spoke to that convention as a special counsel for labor would speak, and he gave them fair notice that under him the Department would regard labor as right, no matter what was the controversy and what the merits. It was a public avowal of the narrowest and bitterest type of class prejudice, with the added weight of being the utterance of a member of the cabinet."

The efficiency of Secretary Wilson's department, as a medium between capital and labor, but depend entirely on the confidence he inspires as a man and as an official in both employers and employes. It was the lack of this confidence which caused men to fail in the copper strike, for no mine owner or factory owner can be expected to give himself into the hands of a rank partisan.

It is sincerely to be hoped that the Administration will not have so little regard for its own dignity and use as to permit the Seattle speech of a speaker to go unrebuked.

WILSON'S DIRTY BARGAIN.

Betrayal of Labor Interests Gave Him Position in the Cabinet.

The Bellefonte Watchman, one of the oldest established and ablest democratic papers published in the state, last fall exposed the double dealing and treacherous action of Secretary William B. Wilson, the much vaunted and lauded "laboring man's friend."

W. Gray Meek, who filled the position of Secretary of the Democratic State Committee for several years, is the editor of the Watchman, which prints the editorial below under the caption "Secretary Wilson's Dirty Bargain:"

There can be no misunderstanding Vance C. McCormick's record on the labor question. William B. Wilson, Secretary of Labor in the cabinet of President Wilson, may betray the interests and prostitute himself by perverting the facts, but the truth is a matter of record. In 1905 council of Harrisburg passed an ordinance increasing the wages of laborers in the employ of that city from twenty cents an hour to sixteen and two-third cents an hour. The rule was eight hours a day and these wages were considered inadequate by the men themselves and by councils. The difference was thirteen and one-third cents a day and McCormick, who was mayor at the time, vetoed the measure.

For years previous to the purchase of the Harrisburg Patriot by Vance McCormick it was a Union shop. The Union label appeared at its mast head every morning. But the day McCormick assumed control the token of its sympathy with organized labor was left out and it has never been there since. This was Vance McCormick's method of expressing sympathy to organized labor, of showing his contempt for the Typographical Union. And when the annual demand for signing the scale arrived he refused to sign and precipitated a strike. After he found that he didn't help himself he signed, but it was a forced process and he yielded to the inevitable ungraciously.

William B. Wilson has been merrily favored by McCormick and Palmer, but he is paying a high price for their service. Besides they owed him all they gave him. The old Democratic organization had twice elected him to Congress but he joined in the reorganization movement and villified those who had helped him. His third campaign was managed so stupidly by the reorganizers that he was defeated and as nobody else wanted the office of Secretary of Labor, Palmer and McCormick asked for it for him. And the betrayal of the interests of labor and treachery to those who first gave him a taste of public life is the price he is paying. It is a dirty bargain."

TO ABATE DUST NUISANCE.

Residents of East Avenue Have Just Cause for Complaint.

Burgess Grant Kelsey and Councilmen Button, Dartt, Etner, Packer, Potter and Sherwood were present at the regular meeting of the Council last Monday evening.

Some 25 citizens, residents of East avenue, were present and complained of the clouds of black dust which comes from the roadway and settles over and in the houses, making life upon that street during the dry season almost unbearable.

The Council, after listening to the different citizens describe their grievances and suggest their remedies for the dust nuisance, passed a resolution directing the Street Commissioner to arrange to wet the street down temporarily until the matter can be taken up with the State Highway Department and the roadway taken care of as it should be.

Last year, as an experiment, cinders and ashes were put upon this roadway to cover the telford, the top of the road having worn off. The dry season and high winds this spring have blown these ashes off in clouds and the citizens have just grounds for complaint.

The Council, on the other hand, do not know just how to remedy the difficulty and are studying the question of how best to permanently improve this highway and keep the dust from being such an intolerable nuisance.

A resolution was passed authorizing the Street Commissioner to build the necessary cement cross walks and directing him to purchase the stone for the bridges to be reconstructed on the Stony Fork road.

After ordering the bills paid the Council adjourned to meet Monday evening, May 10th.

National Suffrage Day Rally.

National Suffrage Day, which was celebrated all over the country last year, a celebration in which Wellsboro joined, will be observed this year by a meeting at the court house next Saturday, May 1, at 3 o'clock.

The program will consist of music and an address by Miss Louise Hall, of Harrisburg, whom some of our people will remember. Miss Hall is a young woman of charming personality and a forceful speaker.

Woman suffrage is no longer an academic question in Pennsylvania, but has been a live issue which is to be voted upon in November of this year. Therefore everyone, combatant, non-combatants and neutrals, should be interested and ready for fair and free discussion. Come to the court house on Saturday and hear what Miss Hall has to say. She may put the question in a new light.

Last year there was a generous response to the request that our citizens "show their colors" in a very practical way by decorating houses and business places either with the suffrage yellow or with Old Glory. Will not every householder, without further solicitation, thus honor the cause that seeks to make our government in reality what it is in name—a government of, for, and by the people.

Christian Church Notes.

The usual prayer meeting on Thursday evening. Subject, "America as a Mission Field." A meeting of the church board will follow.

The Ladies' Aid will serve supper as usual on Friday evening in the church dining-room.

Lord's Day, May 2, will be the anniversary of the coming of M. S. Blair to take up the work with this church. Special music will be rendered and an address given on the subject "What Our Movement Has Contributed to Religious Thought." Reports from the auxiliaries will follow.

In the evening the Charleston Glee Club will furnish the music for the service. The address will be upon the subject "Our Plea or for What Does the Church of Christ Stand."

A cordial invitation is extended to all to attend these services.

The usual preaching service at Mt. Zion at 2:30 p. m.

Funny John Bunny Is Dead.

John Bunny, whose antics as a moving-picture comedian have made millions laugh, died at his home in Brooklyn on Monday. He had been ill three weeks of a complication of diseases. He was 52 years old. He had been on the stage for thirty years, achieving his greatest success within recent years as a moving picture actor. In the moving-picture world he was regarded for a time as the country's leading comedian and of no actor in any branch of the stage can it more truly be said that his face was his fortune. He was said to have received more than the President of the United States in salary and royalties. The amount of his compensation was never divulged to the public.

NEWSPAPER CHARITY.

Advertising Space in the Newspaper Is for Sale Not to Give Away.

"Space and copies of this paper go to make up the newspaper man's entire stock in trade," says the Fourth Estate in an editorial entitled, "Objects of Charity." "These two are all that he has to offer for sale to the public, and no one has ever yet given any sort of satisfactory reason why he should ever be asked by anyone to donate them.

"One thing newspaper people will never be able to understand is why any person will walk into a newspaper office and make himself or herself an object of charity and insist upon what they would disdain to ask for in any other shop or place of business in the town. The principle is the same in the newspaper office as in the dry goods store, the grocery, the drug store, and what a great many people need is to come to recognize it as the same and get off the newspaper charity list.

"ADVERTISING SPACE IN THE NEWSPAPER IS FOR SALE, NOT TO GIVE AWAY. It has a certain intrinsic value in itself that makes it worth money. Copies of the newspaper are for sale, not to give away. If they are worth having, they are worth the exceedingly small price asked for them.

"The public, or at least a large portion of it, has some very erroneous ideas about these matters, and it is but just to the newspaper folks that these ideas be corrected in accordance with the same business principles that prevail in all other business establishments.

"In the vast majority of cases, this generous charity on the part of newspapers is blissfully taken for granted, and the paper's liberality abused. That which is purely a favor is accepted as a matter of course, and what should be requests are couched as demands.

"When the courtesy has been performed there is rarely appreciation, and more often dissatisfaction—generally silence.

"The result in many other towns and cities has been that a ban has been put upon all free publicity, no matter what its object—even upon the church notice. In those cities such favors as the press bestows are properly appreciated and valued."

Liberty Township Honor Roll.

The following pupils in the Liberty township schools have made an average of 90 per cent in subjects studied and have a mark of 95 per cent in deportment:

Victor Peterson, Maynard Black, Mabel Zeafle, Leona Landis, Winifred Ritter, Frank Ritter, Earl Yoder, Cordelia Heyler, LaRue Heyler, Loretta Heyler, Estella Heyler, George Frank, Orpha Sindlinger, Mildred Krause, Vivian Parker, Gladys Schanbacher, Margaret Schanbacher, Alice Schanbacher, Irene Schanbacher, Carl Schanbacher, Anna Sheffer, Stella Sheffer, Margery Aylesworth, Cora Dunnison, Florence Wirth, Carl Geiser, Allen Baker, William Nelson, Mabel Repard, Mildren Emick, Lillian Ashley, Marion Gleckler, Homer Gleckler, Floyd Brion, Clair Brion, Clinton Brion, Mary Kulp, Harold Kulp, Mary Maneval, Kennerly Ashley, Ruth Brucklacher, Florence Kreger, Edith Repard, Gordon Landis, Fanny Kimble, Edith Neal, Bina Miller, Frances Forer, Leslie Kimble, Harry Neal, Velma Morgan, Aldora Decker, Miles Decker, Elizabeth Decker, Oscar Sechrist, Francis Schmelzle, LaMarr Harrer, Theodore Harrer, Daniel Kieffer, Eva Messner, Robert Schmelzle.

Ayres—Davis.

A very pretty wedding was solemnized at St. Peter's church, Kingston, N. Y., last Wednesday afternoon at 3 o'clock, when Miss Anna M. Ayres, of Elmira, formerly of Kingston, was united in marriage to Harold P. Davis, of Wellsboro, the Rev. Geo. H. Wennutly performing the ceremony.

They were attended by Miss Margaret Myers and Louis W. Laff. Mrs. Davis is the daughter of J. F. Ayres, for many years a stock broker in Kingston. Mr. Davis is the son of J. R. Davis, of Wellsboro.

The bride wore a white crepe de chine gomn. She carried a bouquet of sweet peas and valley lilies. The bridesmaid wore a pink messaline satin gown and carried a shower bouquet of pink sweet peas.

Mr. and Mrs. Davis left with the best wishes of many friends for a trip to New York and other points. They will reside in Wellsboro. Mrs. Davis has been with Rosenbaum & Sons, milliners, of Elmira, for some time.

Niles Valley Notes.

Niles Valley, April 28.—Mrs. Clark Webster, of Galeton, visited her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Herman Button, in this place last week.

Teddie Baker, of Ulysses, spent a few days last week at the home of C. D. Davis.

D. C. Miner, of Elmira, Carl Burt and Anna Moore, of Wellsboro, were Sunday guests at the home of R. A. Sampson.

Peter Bush, of Altoona, is visiting his daughter, Mrs. Roy Rice, of this place.

Miss Grace Wheeler, of Roaring Branch, is visiting her aunt, Mrs. E. J. Reynolds.

—The Elk Tanning Company, which has several plants in this county, is paying $10.50 a ton for oak and hemlock bark, an advance of $2 over last season.

DOES NOT HAVE TO PAY BOUNTIES

New Act Repeals All Old Bounty Laws—State Pays on Three Noxious Animals

Tioga and all counties in Pennsylvania are relieved from paying bounties on noxious animals under a new law just passed by the Legislature and approved by Governor Brumbaugh. The new act repeals all old laws governing the payment of bounties in Pennsylvania.

Under the new law just passed and approved bounties are paid on three noxious animals, namely, weasles, wildcats and minks. The State Game Commission must pay the bounties on the three named animals the counties being relieved from all liability.

The new law is of especial interest to the people of Bradford county, by reason of the fact that the Superior Court of Pennsylvania has affirmed Judge Maxwell, of that county, in deciding that the county is liable for the bounty claims under an act of Assembly passed some years ago.

Bounty claims presented in Bradford county were held up on the grounds that the act of 1913 repealed the previous act covering the payment of bounty fees.

A case stated with David Armstrong as plaintiff was presented to Judge Maxwell, and he decided that while the Act of 1913 repealed the old act in a general way it did not relieve the county of liability for bounty claims presented under the act, and that the county is therefore liable for the amount of the claims.

The Commissioners carried the case to the Superior Court, and that tribunal has affirmed Judge Maxwell.

Another act is now before the present State Legislature which affects all previous bounty laws, and the chances are that the County Commissioners will defer action on all bounty claims until the new bill is disposed of by the law-makers and the Governor.

Some Inside Facts on the War.

A former resident of Wellsboro in writing the Gazette from Williamsport encloses the clipping printed below from the North American, contributed by a resident of this borough, and adds: "That mail order booze certainly does raise hell with the 'wheels.' Don't it?"

"Editor of the North American:—Germany, reading the handwriting on the wall, and knowing she must eventually be overwhelmed, is about to inaugurate a campaign at which the very friends of hell must stand aghast—a scheme by which she swears to leave the countries of her enemies a barren desert, devoid of all animal life, even to the fish of inland waters.

"Why is she assembling her vast aerial fleet? To attack on land and sea with fire and explosives? It has been tried and failed. No. With all horrible forms of disease known to mankind, a crime so fiendish in conception, and so horrible in execution, that the name of Kaiser Wilhelm will be execrated and accursed forever of God and man. Every medical laboratory in Germany is working overtime on bacteria culture. (Another sample of German kultur.)

"Smallpox, yellow fever, cholera, bubonic plague, deadly typhus, diphtheria, scarlet fever; and to sink their fiendish souls, if possible, deeper in the blackest depths of hell, anthrax, to exterminate the beasts of the field and the birds of the air, and canned cancer, a disease to which fish are known to be peculiarly susceptible.

"Can this horror be averted? Yes, it could and would be by prompt and proper action by the United States government, but it will require something besides Chautauqua lectures and foghorn platitudes to do it.

CHARLES R. SEARS."

First Baptist Church Notes.

"Life in China" was very vividly and profitably told about by Miss La Verne Minnis Sunday night. She is a native of Bradford and received her schooling at a Philadelphia training school and at our theological school at Newton Centre, Mass., near Boston. She spoke about her experiences as a foreign missionary, more acceptably it is said than any previous visitor.

From 7:30 to 8:00 tonight a special election will be held to enlarge the boards of deacons and trustees. Following this, our annual Powell bond social will be held and is open to all bondholders.

Baraca men defeated Aroga in a game of baseball that was exceptional for the initiative of the games.

Communion service and hand of fellowship especially for newest members next Sunday morning. Delegates may give Macedonia convention echoes at night.

Favor Separate Archdeaconry.

The Northern Deanery of the Episcopal Church, comprising the parishes of Coudersport, Galeton, Brookland, Westfield, Wellsboro, Blossburg, Antrim, Arnot, Mansfield, Tioga and Lawrenceville met in Galeton last week.

The chief question was the advisability of having the Northern Deanery taken from the Archdeaconry. A resolution was introduced by the Rev. Mr. Schmauk, of Galeton, requesting the Board of Mission to separate the Deanery as discussed. It was ex[illegible]

LITTLE MARSH MATTERS.

An Early Morning Wedding at Knoxville A Pleasant Surprise Party.

Little Marsh, April 28.—Joseph E. Davis, of this place, and Miss Mayme E. Terry were united in marriage at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Warren Bonney at Knoxville at sunrise last Wednesday morning. The bride is the daughter of Albert A. Terry of Kittaning, Pa., but has made her home with her cousin, Mrs. Bonney, since her early childhood.

The bride was becomingly and daintily gowned in white silk voile, wearing a bridal veil that had been worn by members of the family on six previous occasions. She carried a large bouquet of bride's roses. The veil was caught in place by a dainty wreath of roses and sweet peas. The only attendant was Miss Doris Eddy, of Austinburg, cousin of the bride, who was flower-girl and ring-bearer.

Rev. G. S. Miller, of the Baptist church, officiated, using the ring ceremony. A wedding breakfast was served directly after the ceremony.

Mr. and Mrs. Davis departed on the early train for an extended trip to New York. The bride's traveling costume was blue broadcloth. The newlyweds will be at home in Little Marsh after June 1st.

The bride has many friends in this place and the groom is a prosperous and well known farmer of Little Marsh. Both have the best wishes of a large circle of friends for a happy wedded life, although they did rather steal a march on their intimate friends by getting married and getting away at such an early hour that it was impossible to give them a proper send off.

A pleasant surprise was given Lyle Ferris last Friday evening, when about 50 young friends gathered at his home to celebrate his eighteenth birthday. The fore part of the evening was spent in playing games and a splendid supper followed. The guests presented to Mr. Ferris a library table and also many small gifts. At an early hour the company departed, all reporting a good time.

Messrs. H. C. Roberts, D. P. Beach and Loren Clark have purchased automobiles.

The infant son of Mr. and Mrs. Earl Ferris is seriously ill with pneumonia.

Barry Boy Is Popular Pastor.

We are in receipt of a thirty-four page "Dedication Souvenir Program," celebrating a forward movement and Rally Day of the First Baptist church of Wellsboro, Pa., of which Rev. Eugene Neubauer is the popular pastor.

The program was prepared as a souvenir of the dedication of the new church, which took place Sunday, March 21, 1915. The entire membership seems to be placed on some committee, where each can effectively work. The membership and all other lines of church work has been greatly increased since the pastorate of Mr. Neubauer began—just one year ago. Over $8,000, was pledged on dedication day.

We are pleased to present our readers with a picture of the church and also the pastor, his wife and baby, which our readers will no doubt greatly appreciate, since Mr. Neubauer was one time a resident of Barry and grew up in the Baptist church here, graduating from Barry High school. He is a grandson of Mrs. J. L. Terry and son of Mrs. Sol Yokum of Rockport.

His relatives, Barry Baptists and a host of other friends are greatly pleased at his success in his chosen calling and in the successful completion of the new church and wonderful growth in membership and renewed activities in all lines of church work at Wellsboro, Pa.

We are indebted to the Wellsboro (Pa.) Gazette for the use of the electrotypes of church and Mr. Neubauer and family.—Barry (Ill.) Record.

Looking Back to 1889.

Now that the local option bill for Pennsylvania has been defeated, it is really interesting in this connection to go back to the campaign of 1889, when a proposed prohibition amendment of the Constitution was submitted to the voters of the State. At that time twenty-nine counties voted "dry." Since then three of the counties that voted "wet"—Bedford, Juniata and Lawrence—have become "dry" through court action.

The total vote then cast was 296,617 for prohibition and 481,644 against, giving a majority against the amendment of 185,027. Of this adverse majority Philadelphia county alone gave over 50 per cent.

Taking into account the fact that it would have taken less than 95,000 votes to have changed the result into a victory for the "drys," it was what might be called a close shave.

Affidavit Found in Powder Box.

An unusual incident was disclosed in a divorce case before Judge Maxwell in the Bradford county court a few days ago. It was the old story of a married man infatuated with another man's wife. So much in love was he that he went before a justice of the peace, swore to his love, and vowed he had been true to her in every way. He signed and sealed it in presence of the justice and presented it to his affinity who later took her three children and departed with him, it is said. The deserted man found this strange affidavit in his faithless wife's powderbox. She had forgotten it in her flight. He loaned it to the deserted wife who used it to get a divorce. Then the deserted husband used the same paper to get his divorce.

AN AMUSING INCIDENT.

A Pastor's Mind Affected By Attending Tabernacle Meetings.

A subscriber of the Gazette sends the following account of an amusing incident which recently occurred at a Cowanesque valley town when the pastor of one of the churches went to Bath, N. Y., to attend the tabernacle meetings in that place. The subscriber writes as follows:

Our pastor became so interested in the meetings that he did not return for the regular Sunday services but sent a substitute. The following Monday one of the parishioners sent the pastor the following placard: "Lost, Strayed or Stolen—one Shepherd. When last seen he was clothed and apparently in his right mind. Has been gone four days, which seem like as many months. Finder please return to the flock, who are wandering miserably and bleating piteously for their lost leader, and receive a suitable reward."

This struck the pastor so funny that he decided to answer it in kind, but not being an expert in handwriting he sent the following to an innocent party which caused no end of amusement:

"Found.—A stray pastor, with four eyes, slightly bald, bow-legs, knock knees, pigeon toes, with heart on the right side; has a scar an inch long on the inside of the left ankle, a game forefinger on the right hand; wisdom teeth are gone and eye teeth are cutthrough; fairly well clad and looks as though he might have come from Pennsylvania. When he was found he was in the Bath jail, Sunday p. m., behind the bars with fifteen other fugitives. Answers to the name of 'Pop.' Also answers to the description of the man missing from Tioga county, Pa., and as he consents to return without requisition papers he will be sent back Wednesday.

"When asked if he had any friends he became confused and began to stutter, tut-tut-tut Po-Po-Pos-Post, whereupon word was sent to Painted Post, but as yet no answer has been received. It is a sad case. He seems to be a good man; too bad. He strayed away. It is thought that the meetings at the tabernacle have worked on his mind."

Methodist Church Notes.

The Epworth League held their regular devotional service last Sunday at the Junction, at three o'clock. A large number of those owning cars assisted in conveying the League members to the meeting, where they met a large number of the Junction people, filling the house to overflowing. The program committee had a well arranged program, which was thoroughly enjoyed by all present. The pastor and people of the Junction expressed their hearty appreciation of the coming of the Leaguers and hoped the return of those Christion young people could be aranged at an early date. The League has other invitations before them for similar afternoon meetings.

On Tuesday at 2:30 Circle No. 4 met with Mrs. Rumsey.

Prayer meeting at 7:20 Thursday evening. Choir practice at 8 o'clock.

Friday evening at 7:30 the young People's Society will hold a May social at the home of Mrs. M. F. Bailey on Austin street. These young peoples social gatherings have been of a most interesting and helpful character in the social life of the League. You only have to be there to realize this. Remember to bring 10 cents.

Next Sunday morning the communion service at 10:30, with a brief sermon. Now that the weather is good the nursery will be opened regularly. The quarterly conference will meet Friday evening, May 7th, at 7:30, at the church.

Gaines Gleanings.

Gaines, April 28.—Lynn Lush, of Galeton, spent Sunday with Lee Kohler.

Mrs. Wolpers is spending a few days with friends at Germania.

Russel Gee, of Sabinsville, had business here last Thursday.

Mr. and Mrs. Winfred Dewey visited Sunday at the home of Mr. and Mrs. R. A. Dewey on Elk Run.

A social and dance at the home of Hoyt Madison last Thursday night was well attended.

Faye Luther went fishing Friday and returned with twenty-five nice trout.

Mr. and Mrs. John Parker, of Galeton, spent several days with Mrs. Parker's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Gustave Gross, on Pidgeon Hill. Mr. Parker enjoyed several days fishing on Kettle creek.

George Parker has moved to the Fegley farm.

Dan. Dugan has moved his family from the Joe Grim farm to this place.

We are glad to see Charles Howland around town again after his recent illness.

Condemn Corsets Which Lace in Back.

"Ladies, if you insist on wearing a corset, don't use the kind that laces up or down at the back," says Dr. Robert M. Green, of the Boston City Hospital, in the current number of the Boston Medical and Surgical Journal. "It is a relic of Victorian barbarism and tends to produce a matronly figure."

"It is absolutely and unutterably pernicious," declares Doctor Green. "All corsets may be roughly classified in two groups—those that lace behind and those that lace in front. The former are all bad. The latter may be good, provided they are of suitable size, lightly boned as possible and [illegible]

LOCAL OPTION FAILS TO PASS

Lower House Votes Against Bill Favored by Gov. Brumbaugh. Drys Gain Two Over 1911

As briefly noted in these columns last week the House of Representatives at Harrisburg repudiated Governor Brumbaugh's county local option bill by the decisive vote of 78 to 128. Every one of the 207 members were in their seats, and only one declined to be recorded on the measure.

The bill received five less votes than were recorded two years ago for a similar measure, and received only two more votes than the local option bill in the session of 1911. The vote in 1913 was 83 to 121 and in 1911 was 76 to 127.

An analysis of the vote shows that 62 Republicans, 15 Democrats and one Washington party man voted for the bill, while 103 Republicans and 25 Democrats voted against it.

In view of the claims repeatedly made by the Governor, the vote last Wednesday was a big surprise. The executive time and again declared that he would pass the bill, but the final result demonstrates that his claims had no substantial basis. His lieutenants never claimed to have more than 84 votes for the bill, but in view of the Governor's enthusiastic confidence, they expected him to spring a surprise at the finish.

The defeat of this bill marks the climax of the first really sensational campaign that the anti-liquor forces have ever made in this State. At their head was Governor Brumbaugh, who had pledged himself, prior to election to submit the question of granting liquor licenses to the people. Atop this gubernatorial stand came the wave of Billy Sunday sentiment that swept Philadelphia, Pittsburgh and Scranton, and heartened the anti-liquor advocates.

The Williams bill provided for an election in each county every three years to give the people an opportunity to decide whether or not licensed places shall exist in the various counties. It was known as a "county unit," that is the people of each county to decide for themselves in regard to the licensed sale of intoxicants.

Had the bill passed the House and the Senate, if a county should vote for licensed places under the law licenses could be granted under the Brooks law the same as now. If the majority voted against licensed places, then the Courts could not grant licenses for a period of three years.

As a result of the fight for local option, a Harrisburg correspondent declares that the Republican party of Pennsylvania probably will insert a plank in its platform next year, declaring in favor of such a measure. The proposition has been under discussion among the leaders of the Republican organization, and it practically has been decided to pledge the party to pass a local option bill in the Legislature of 1917.

The plan under consideration is to prepare a platform prior to the April primaries of 1916, so that the nominees of the party at that time, particularly those seeking seats in the Legislature, would be pledged to local option.

At the primaries, nominations will be made for a United States Senator to succeed Senator George T. Oliver, 50 State Senators, 207 State representatives, an Auditor General, a State Treasurer, four Congressmen-at-large, 32 district Congressmen, 12 Delegates-at-Large and 65 district delegates, to the national convention. The plank on local option, however, probably will be made applicable only to the State.

New Local Option Bill.

A bill providing for local option in another form than that on which the House voted last Wednesday has been introduced in the Senate. It provides:

"That whenever a number of the qualified electors of any township, borough, ward or city of this Commonwealth equaling not less than 51 per cent. of the number of votes cast at the last preceding general election in said township, borough, ward of city, shall present a petition to the Court of Quarter Sessions of the peace of the proper county, praying that the Court refuse to grant licenses for the sale of furnishing of vinous, spirituous, malt or brewed liquors, or any admixture thereof, in said township, borough, ward or city, the said Court of Quarter Sessions of the peace shall refuse all applicants for license in said township, borough, ward or city."

Briefs From Balsam.

Balsam, April 28.—Mrs. James Roland and two sons, Harold and Robert, are visiting relatives at Binghamton, N. Y.

G. B. Close had the misfortune to lose a horse last week.

Louise Hawley, of Mansfield, is visiting her grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Wetherbee, in this place.

Sarah Roland, of Wellsboro, is spending some time in this place with her son, James Roland.

Farmers in this vicinity are very busy putting in their grain.

Ed. Willard is putting in a water system for his home and barns.

George Francis is recovering from a severe attack of inflammation of the iris, with which he has been [illegible]

Houses That Pass In The Night

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By JOSEPH IVERS LAWRENCE

The little town of Hyacinth, after some fifty years of irreproachable suburban deportment, had suddenly become nomadic. Its architectural units were marching and countermarching, dancing and shifting about in a drunken manner which caused its staid old sister towns to blush with shame for it.

But it was no way the fault of Hyacinth. A great municipality, forty miles away, had voted to project a colossal water-main through a couple of counties, and such minor obstructions as houses were brushed out of the way like ant-hills. And what a grand flitting there was! Queen Annes, Colonials and polymorphous summer cottages scampered—as a snail might say—hither and yon, the routed owners searching for new places of lodgment. Garden-hose and lawn-mowers gave place to jack-screws and huge rollers, and horses paced endlessly around great windlasses, dragging houses to north, south, east and west, out of the path of the advancing water-main.

One month before the blow fell, Clifford Bosworth, landscape-painter, took the little cottage at 37 Spring Street, Hyacinth, for a summer studio. He lived quietly alone, sallying forth to the fields each morning with his sketching traps, and leaving the household arrangements to the trusty charwoman who "came in." He was not pleased when the owner told him that the cottage must be uprooted and moved slowly over this road until it should become 25 Holly street. He promptly "gave notice," and proceeded to tear down from the walls, sketches, prints, posters and the multi colored textiles of all nations.

It was while ripping a fine Mexican serape from its fastenings between the parlor windows, and grumbling sociably to the good mellow brier whose amber stem his teeth gripped fiercely, that he glanced across the street and saw, for the first time, the recently arrived tenant at No. 36. The tenant was a young woman with light, fluffy hair and a face to make one forget briers and Mexican serapes, though they were held for the moment in teeth and hands.

She was not looking at Bosworth, so he brazenly stared at her for at least five minutes. She was sitting on the veranda, surrounded with professional-looking writing-materials, and writing away with an earnestness which seemed to say that she had no thought of vacating her own doomed lodge.

Bosworth was no more than normally susceptible to light, fluffy hair and appropriate faces, and had weathered a dozen summers of self-reliant bachelorhood; but he fell into a brown study, and became sentimentally moody over the thought that this attractive neighbor might stay on through the moving operations, after he had beaten a peevish retreat. He even admitted to himself that if she were to stay but a fortnight, he would like to be there also for that fortnight.

A gust of wind came down the quiet street, picking up half a dozen sheets of paper fro mthe girl's writing-table, waved them gaily in the air, and then scattering them about the thoroughfare. Bosworth was not one to ignore such a lucky sending, so he threw his glowing brier into the open tea-caddy, and rushed out of the door to gather up the papers.

Their owner was blushing and shy, and thanked him rather awkwardly for his courtesy. Her manner forbade him to tarry longer than politeness required, but he furtively expressed regret that the pretty street was about to be broken up and obliterated and she agreed with him in a monosyllable. As he backed down the veranda steps he further expressed regret that she must vacate the dwelling she had but so recently occupied, and wrung from her the coveted information that she had rashly resolved to live in the house while it was moving.

That was about as far as Bosworth dared to progress conversationally, but the girl's shyness was a bit contagious, and as he stammered a "Good afternoon," and backed clumsily off the step, his heel caught on the abominable thing that is fastened upon some steps to scrape mud from the shoes, and he sat down abruptly on the soft turf. Little accidents like that are wonderful levelers, and may go farther toward promoting an acquaintance than a week at the seashore. The man and the girl had a fine five-minute laugh, and said good-by as cordially as if they had just danced together or sat tete-a-tete over a tea-table.

After telephoning the owner of his cottage that he had decided to stay and trek with the house, Bosworth nailed the serape back between the parlor windows, and filled his pipe afresh from the tea-caddy, smoking three puffs before he discovered the error.

Presently there came men with jack-screws and rollers, and the cottage swayed and creaked and groaned as an old man with the gout complains when he is hoisted from his easy chair.

The little house at No. 36 cast off its moorings a day later than No. 37, but they were maneuvered in the same channels for a couple of days. Just as Bosworth had hoped, they were tacked this way and that until they were cruising close together. A seafaring man might have said that you could toss a biscuit from one to the other.

Bosworth did a wonderful lot of sketching from his veranda, though it rolled and heaved like a ship's deck. His notebook was soon filled with scrawls of girls writing, girls sitting, standing, embroidering, making tea, and lots of sketches of just girls. There were also studies of men and horses, windlasses, jack-screws and things, but the predominant notes were fluffy hair and fine oval faces.

But there always comes, soon or late, the parting of the ways. When the two roving girls came to the end of spring work they packed up and that while Mr. Bosworth's craft was heaved for an anchorage at 25 Holly street, on the east side of the town, the girl's was billeted for the west side, at 140 Park avenue.

Slowly, but surely, the windlasses turned, and the houses moved apart, while the two chance acquaintances talked, rapidly and with some embarrassement, of the brief pleasure of the quasi-Romany life. During the last half-hour, when the decks were getting almost out of biscuit range, Bosworth tried hard to find an excuse for prolonging the acquaintance, but the girl became suddenly shy again.

At a distance of fifty feet, measuring between veranda railings, he boldly proposed that he should call at the new anchorage in due time. The girl looked really sorry, but told him, with polite severity, that she was living alone, with only a maid for company, much against her mother's will; that that lady was to join her in a week, and would be displeased if she found that her daughter had so quickly acquired men friends in a strange town where there were apparently no proper persons to bring about the necessary introductions.

At seventy-five feet, polite conversation was no longer possible. Bosworth waved a languishing farewell to the dutiful daughter of a hard-hearted mother, and retired into his house, where he smoked a pipe of bitterness.

Unlike many artists, Clifford Bosworth possessed a modest bank account. On the morrow, when the house of his dreams was but a speck upon the horizon, he visited the spot where 36 Spring street was to be metamorphosed into 140 Park avenue. During the night he had dreamed a waking dream, and fate was so kind to him that he found the dream not false. There, besides the foundation prepared for the reception of the wandering cottage, was a broad tract of virgin ground untouched by the spade of the builder.

By noon, with a considerable fraction of his balance at the bank, he had purchased an acre of the vacant land; by three o'clock he had become the absolute owner of his studio, which was then moving eastward on Lake boulevard; and by sunset he had commanded a halt of his property and a reversal of its course.

It was about dusk when the pleased artist came upon the familiar cottage which had been 36 Spring, just as it was sedately making the sweeping turn from Lake boulevard into Park avenue. A lonely little lady sat on the veranda, looking at the afterglow in the west. She started at seeing him, and smiled rosily, but became at once properly severe.

"I hardly expected to see you again so soon, Mr. Bosworth," she said chidingly.

Bosworth bowed low.

"Dear madam," he said, "I have the honor to present my compliments to you, and to inform you that I have commanded my own house to come about and follow the westerly course, in the wake of yours. My pilot thinks that by remaining at his wheel through the night he can overhaul your craft by tomorrow, and I may ask the honor of convoying you to your anchorage, besides which I have been accorded dockage. I dare hope that your excellent mother, madam, will so far approve my qualities as a neighbor that she may be in time permit a resumption of diplomatic relations."

The pretty girl looked at him for a moment with a puzzled frown, and then broke into the heartiest laugh she had ever permitted herself in his presence.

"Mama simply adores clever people Mr. Bosworth!" she said.

HIS PROBLEM

Mrs. Dodge was a guest at the home of Mr. Evans. There was a young son in the family, of whom the father was very proud.

One evening, while the family were sitting in the library, Mr. Evans leaned over to his guest, and said in a whisper:

"Charles is a born mathematician. Look at him, will you? He's been figuringfor more than an hour by the clock. I never saw a child so fond of his school. He loves it."

"Yes" replied Mrs. Dodge, "I've been noticing him. What problem is he working at?"

Mr. Evans turned to his young son and said:

"Charles, tell Mrs. Dodge what problem you are working on."

"I'm figuring up how many days there are before vacation," replied the boy.

NOT APPRECIATION

A weary and dejected theatrical troupe, after an unsuccessful trip, arrived in a small New Jersey town. A fair-sized audience witnessed the first performance without furoe, although there was enough handclapping to arouse the troupe's wavering spirits. The leading man promptly stepped to the footlights after the first act and bowed profoundly, but still the clapping contiuued. As he went behind the scenes he encountered an Irish stage hand.

"I guess that's some acting," said the Thespian, throwing out his chest proudly.

PATIENT'S TOOTH IN HIS EYE

Queer Acicdent in a Dental Parlor Requires Operation.

Santa Paula, Cal.—A surgical operation was necessary to remove from Dr. G. L. Richardson's eye a portion of a patient's tooth. While the dentist was at work a small particle of tooth broke off and lodged in one of his eyes. The injury was not serious, though there was some fear of infection.

The Best of Reasons

A Birmingham man, arm in arm with an old friend, revisiting his native place after an absence of many years, was discussing old times, when the returned one began a series of questions as to the friends of other days.

"Tell me," said he, "about your aunt, old Mrs. Blank. She must be rather feeble now."

"We buried her last year," said the other.

"Dead, eh? Poor soul. Is the old house empty?"

"Yes, that's why we buried her there."

ENGLISH RED TAPE

RECORDS AND ACCOUNTS COVER WIDE RANGE.

From Company Details to the Official Dispatches of the Commander to the Government.

London.—The enthusiastic recruit, eager to complete his training in order to "do his bit" in "whipping the German," does not always get his heart's desire. If he has been a clerk in a city office or a bank, and if it is discovered that he is gifted with a certain amount of intelligence and knowledge of accontancy he is as likely as not sent to an office at headquarters and hardly ever hears even the sound of a gun. For on service it is often the pen rather than the sword that is most in request. I have it on the authority of a staff officer that red tape follows the British Army everywhere even to the front.

Although the regulations emphatically declare that office work in the field is to be restricted to what is absolutely indispensable, there is nearly as much of it to be done on active service as at home. The amount, indeed, is quite prodigious, and garrison and camp abound with reports and returns and documents on every imaginable subject. Scarcely anything is considered too trivial for this clerical attention.

Thus, if Private Tompkins has lost a haversack, a long memorandum must be compiled explaining how, when and where the disaster occurred, and if Col. Jones is of opinion that the ration bread issued to his regiment is not up to sample, another memorandum is wanted—this time probably in duplicate or triplicate. To avoid undue accumulation when a regiment or division is actually in the fighting line all the multitudinous documents concerning it—except such as have to be kept for reference—are dispatched to the nearest base camp or garrison. The former are marked "K" (keep) and latter "R" (record). At regular intervals they are examined and those found unnecessary to preserve are destroyed.

For use in the field a regiment or battalion takes with it a "conduct book" of noncommissioned officers and men, a cash account, and a "war diary," together with certain other books. The "war dairy" is kept by the commanding officer, and is made out in duplicate. Its object is two-fold: (1) to furnish a trustworthy record of the operations, and (2) to collect valuable information for future guidance. Such a volume is entered up daily, and among the various points with which it deals are the recording of dispatches and telegrams, marches and movements, operations against the enemy, and casualties sustained in action. Where important battles are concerned detailed accounts are added in appendices. At the end of each month one copy is sent to the base for transmission to England.

For all practical purposes, military documents are classified either as "State" or "Return." Between the two there is a technical difference. Thus a "State" is merely a written, telegraphed, or even a verbal report, the object of which is to keep a commander furnished with the fighting efficiency of the troops under him. Promptness, rather than absolute accuracy, is therefore reuired of a "State." A memorandum of this description is furnished daily. It shows the general condition of the troops employed, and the number of the officers and men, guns, etc. After an action a "State" is at once prepared giving the total of killed, wounded and missing.

"Return" goes more into detail than a "State" and as it is drawn up for statistical purposes and subsequent reference, accuracy in its compilation is essential. On this account "Returns" are rendered weekly or monthly, instead of daily. A considerable number are required. They cover all sorts of subjects, from discipline and casualties to cash accounts and soldier's wills. These last are written in the pay book, which the soldier carries with him.

The prompt notification of casualties is an important matter on active service. All deaths resulting from wounds or injuries in the field are recorded on a special list, and transmitted to the Adjutant General's office at the base. Before a dead soldier is buried his identity disk, pay book and any personal effects found on him—including his will—are examined and put aside. These articles are then handed over to the officer under whose care he happend to be at the time of his death. A similar procedure is adopted with regard to the enemy's killed and wounded that fall into our hands. In the cass of prisoners of war, who are captured, a receipt is given them for any money or valuables taken from them.

The commander of the division, regiment, battallion, corps or base has also to issue a set of "orders" every day. These serve as the official channel of communications between the commander and all ranks under him and describe in succinct form the military happenings of the previous 24 hours and any directions for the future. Among the various matters mentioned therein are those of descriptive movements, arrivals and departures, rewards and punishments causalties and admissions to and discharges from hospitals.

Practically the only person qualified to write dispatches in the field is the Commander in Chief. These are addressed to the Government. In preparing them the Commander in Chief is assisted by the writen reports of subordinate commanders serving under him. A dispatch has to describe in detail every action fought, irrespective of its magnitude, and also to treat of gallant or meritorious conduct of individuals or units.

To compose a dispatch is far from simple, and many officers are quite unable to draw one up in proper form. They either become prolix or else fail to give adequate information. The dispatches of Sir John French, however, are models of what such reports should be.

Most of the clerical work in the field is carried out by a special branch of the headquarters staff under the supervision of a Deputy Adjutant General. This officer is responsible for, among other matters, giving early notice of the prospective requirements of the troops in the firing line, the notification of casualties, the registration of prisoners of war, the custody of court-martial returns and documents and transmission of war diaries. In attending to all this quite an army of soldier clerks is wanted.

LIKES CAKES FRIED WITH BOOT GREASE

German Soldiers in Trenches Dig Kitchen Where Fires Burn Day and Night.

Berlin. — German soldiers in the trenches have discovered a new delicacy. According to a letter written by the cook of a company, the human moles prefer potato pancakes to any other dish the kitchen is able to furnish.

They are bound to have their "puffers," as they call them, and they are willing to forego the pleasure of chewing embalmed beef as long as they may enjoy the crisp flapjacks, consisting of mashed potatoes and something which tastes almost like lard.

But, while potatoes are plentiful, three is sometimes a scarcity of lard. So it takes the inventive genius of a cook to find substitutes for lard. One day when the whole company was clamoring for potato pancakes and not a chunk of lard could be found for miles around, not even with the help of a military searchlight, the cook espied an orderly sergeant dealing out tallow for greasing the boots.

"Halt!" the cook commanded, seizing the tallow. There were protests on the part of the soldiers. Boots should be well greased when the trenches are half filled with water.

"Do you want dry feet or potato pancakes?" the cook demanded.

"Give us potato pancakes, never mind our feet," the answer came in unison.

So the cooks fried flapjacks in the grease that was destined for boots.

"How did they taste?" asked the captain after the last of the cakes had disappeared.

"Fine," every soldier answered, licking his fingers and rubbing the spot where the sinker had disappeared.

This particular company built a shelter entirely under ground. It is about 13 feet square and 10 feet deep. The roof consists of several layers of planks, earth and straw. It will protect the inhabitants against anything but 21-centimeter shells.

The trenches of the French and the Germans in this section are about 100 yards apart. The villages in the rear of the German trenches have been entirly demolished by French shells. The Germans have to dig their way in whenever they want to find anything to eat in the cellars of deserted farmhouses, now entirely in ruins. Still they find occasionally large quantities of wine and canned goods.

Freaks of Bullets

London.—A sapper in the Royal engineers tells the story of an extraordinary escape which one of his comrades experienced. A bullet took his cap off and cut a groove through his hair, without injuring the scalp, in such a manner that it looked as though he had carefully parted his hair down the center.

This is but another illustration of the tricks that bullets play at times. It is doubtful, however, if any soldier in the present campaign has had such a marvelous escape as Lieut. A. C. Johnson, the Hants County cricketer, who relates how, shortly before he was slightly wounded, a shell hit the wall six inches above his head, while shortly afterwards a bullet hit the ground half a yard in front of him, bounded up and hit him on the body, bruising his ribs. Then a bullet hit him over the heart, but was spent before reaching him, and when in the hospital he picked it out of his left-hand breast pocket and sent it home to his wife.

A charmed life, too, seems to be borne by a private of the Manchester regiment, who relates how, while smoking a cigaret in the trenches a bullet took the cigaret out of his mouth, while another cut the crown off his hat, leaving the peak still sticking on his head. And it is characteristic of the humor of "Tommy," even when the fire is hottest, than when a bullet took off the top of a tin of bully beef which another private had in his hand, he looked at it, coolly turned round, made a bow in the direction of the enemy and thanked them for saving him the trouble of finding a tin opener.

Longevity of Germs.

Some interesting observations on the ever-important subject of the vitality of disease germs is made by Dr. Migal, of the Berlin University Medical School. Some ten years ago he took some earth from one of the public parks of that city at a depth of ten inches below the turf. This he dried for two days at a temperature of 30 degrees Centigrade, and then by placing the dust in a hermetically sealed tube, which he put aside in a dark corner of the laboratory.

When taken the soil contained an average of six and one-half million bacteria per gramme. After desiccation the number had fallen to rather less than four million. Today, ten years later, he still found three million per gramme and he was able to isolate the specific microbe of tetanus. The inoculation of this soil in guinea pigs determined death from tetanus, after an incubation period of two days, showing the remarkable vitality of pathogenic microbes under favorable conditions.

Portable circular saws hae been invented especially for trimming the edges of roofs. They are driven by compressed air or electric motors.

The sea elephant uses its trunk to seize its prey and to transfer food to its mouth just as does its brother which roams the land.

A Geneva, Ill., boy invented a clothes line smoothing iron and has sold the patent to a [illegible] for $5,000.

WORRY CAUSE OF INSANITY.

Meditating on Trouble the Cause of Mental Derangement.

Medical experts agree that worry, in its numerous phases, is the chief cause of insanity.

"I notice that in the official returns of the commissioners in lunacy intemperance is credited with being responsible for the largest number of insane persons," said a specialist. "We must bear in mind that all the cases resulting from intemperance are classed under one head, and figures amounting to 3,338 placed under it. The cases which might justifiably be classed as 'worry' are, on the other hand, divided up into sections. Put them all together and the following is the result:

Domestic trouble	1,218
Mental anxiety and overwork	1,192
Adverse circumstances	1,025
Love affairs	258
Privation and starvation	202
Total	3,995

"These figures bear out in a striking manner the advice, 'Don't Worry,' which the medical faculty is constantly enforcing upon 90 per cent. of its patients. Worry is the inveterate foe of all doctors, and the worst of it is that it is generally without cause.

"It is a great mistake, when any trouble arises, to get into a flutter, wonder what the end will be, and reproach oneself for not performing a certain thing or other which would have prevented it. Yet that is what thousands do.

"Surely, the only rational attitude is to look at the thing dispassionately—as it is, not as it might be—consider how far it has gone, and then sit down quietly to think of some way first to arrest the danger, and then to repair the damage.

"The pace at which we live and the keenness of commercial competition are all against this. People become excited, which leads to a frenzy of worry. They then find themselves in the doctor's hands, or, worse still, often in the lunatic asylum, as the report printed yesterday proves so eloquently."—London Express.

BEGGARS' UNION.

French Organization for Protection Against Pretenders.

Not long ago an Austrian association of dancing masters sought redress at the hands of the law for the infringement of their prerogative by an unfortunate doctor of medicine who had found it impossible to make a living by the practice of his own profession. But the most remarkable trade union of which we have heard is one in the south of France formed by beggars for the suppression of unqualified practice.

A meeting of street singers and of the lame, the lame and the blind who extract voluntary contributions from the charitable public was held at Marseilles, a one legged man being in the chair, for the purpose of organizing themselves into a body strong enough to resist the encroachments of pretenders. The association was duly constituted, with statutes and bylaws. It was decided that only French subjects with genuine malformations or sores could be admitted to membership.

Compliance with this condition may not be a very easy one to enforce, for the limping and diseases is a fine art. Readers of the life of Ambroise Pare may remember that when he was a barber's apprentice he won some reputation in a native town by the exposure of a beggar who used to stand at the door of the parish church exposing to the pity of the faithful a frightful festering tumor of the arm which proved to be a piece of decomposed tuition. Since the foundation of the association two one legged men, named, we learn from the Journal des Débats, Roisin and Carlier—have started on a mission, delivering addresses wherever they go, warning the public against impostors.

The headquarters of the association are to be in Paris, and the organization will be under the direction of one Doussineau, who though he walks on crutches is said to be a man of devouring activity, going up and down beating up recruits. Some difficulty seems to have arisen in regard to contributions, many of the members preferring to keep their earnings to themselves. A feeling of uneasiness seems also to exist lest the list of members should find its way into undesirable hands.

Angry Employer—"Do you mean to contradict me? You haven't as much sense as a donkey."

Clerk—"No, sir; I don't pretend to set my opinion up against yours."

THROW OUT THE LINE

Give Them Help and Many Wellsboro People Will Be Happier.

"Throw Out the Life Line"

Weak kidneys need help.

They're often overworked they don't get the poison filtered out of the blood.

Will you help them?

Doan's Kidney Pills have brought benefit to thousands of kidney sufferers.

Wellsboro testimony proves their worth.

Mrs. Mary Cleveland, 20 Water St., Wellsboro, says: "I suffered for years from dull pains across the small of my back and a tired, wornout feeling through my loins. My feet often became swollen and in the morning when I got up, I was tired and restless. I could hardly drag myself around. Doan's Kidney Pills, procured at Blatchley's Drug Store, helped me at once and I continued until all symptoms of kidney trouble had left. My work in the laundry is very hard on my back and every time I feel the least pain, a few doses of Doan's Kidney Pills relieve me."

Price 50c, at all dealers. Don't simply ask for a kidney remedy get Doan's Kidney Pills the same that Mrs. Cleveland had. Foster Milburn Co., Props., Buffalo, N. Y.

MONKEY TALK IS EASILY UNDERSTOOD

If One of the Little Scamps Says "Nah, Nah, Ahhh," It Means "I Love You."

"Laa-aah!" Perhaps you wouldn't understand just what that meant if you heard a human being say it, but when it comes from a monkey you can know that the monk is interested in you and is saying: "Hello! How are you, old top?" And if the cute litle beast adds: "Nah, nah, ah, ahhh!" that means "I love you."

It's all very simple, according to Dr. John Deason, who asserts that monkeys have a language of their own and express real ideas. They talk so plainly that Dr. Deason, who is a Chicago physician, has no trouble at all in learning just how they feel and what they like and dislike. Dr. Deason spends part of each day conversing with monkeys.

All monkeys are natural bluffers, he says. They will not bite as a rule, but make demonstrations of great ferocity to frighten their foes. They have likes and dislikes among humans as well as among themselves. The females are fickle. They select the males and boss the house. So Dr. Deason says.

"They have entirely different calls for informing their mates, their children and their comrades of danger," he explains. "They utter warnings with a half-bark. Their love conversation is low and cooing."

Dr. Deason has figured out a large part of the monkey language, he says. "Er" means "Let me alone," while "Erk, erk, erg" means "Help! help help!" "Muk, muk" means "Food, food and get a move on you!" When a monkey is angry or in pain he says, "Aye, aye, ayke," and when he is happy he remarks "Zulus, zulus, zulus."

The ringtails and the Javas have different dialects, but to the student the difference is quite plain, according to Dr. Deason.

A Sure Thing

Blinkers—This life insurance idea is good enough if a man dies young, but suppose I should live thirty or forty years longer—I'd be terribly out of pocket.

Agent—No danger of that, sir. You will soon kill yourself working to pay the premiums.

Bird Sense

For his breakfast, a funny fat Puffin
Oft selected the biggest hot muffin.
But whene'er it occurred,
Why, his mother—wise bird!—
Started cuffin' and stuffin' young ruffin'!

For Coughs, Colds, Hoarseness Use

Hale's Honey Of Horehound and Tar

Contains no opium nor anything injurious. Pleasant to the taste. All druggists.

Pike's Toothache Drops Give Relief.

One Bushel More Corn Equals $7.00 Per Ton of Fertilizer Used!

Swift's Fertilizers

RED STEER BRAND

"It pays to use them"

Swift Customers say they get two to five bushels more corn per acre from Swift's Fertilizers than from the NEXT BEST.

Even ONE BUSHEL MORE equal $7.00 per ton of Fertilizer used. Example:

One bushel more corn worth 70c.

One ton Fertilizer covers 10 acres equals $7.00 per ton of Fertilizer used.

OATS:—One bushel more at 50c equals $5.00 per ton, using at rate of 200 lbs. per acre.

Order Swift's and Prove This Added Profit

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SWIFT & COMPANY, Baltimore

BIG DIVIDENDS

STATE SECURITY

The high rate of interest the Royal Union is securing on its investments in Western farm mortgages is reflected in the big dividends to its policyholders.

All investments are made under State supervision.

Royal Union settlements beat the world.

For full particulars address,

W. W. TATE, Special Agent

WELLSBORO, PA.

The Exploits of Elaine

A Detective Novel and a Motion Picture Drama

By ARTHUR B. REEVE
The Well-Known Novelist and the Creator of the "Craig Kennedy" Stories

Produced in Collaboration With the Pathe Players and the Eclectic Film Company

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SYNOPSIS.

The New York police are mystified by a series of murders and other crimes. The principal clue to the criminal is the warning letter which is sent the victims, signed with a "clutching hand." The latest victim of the mysterious assassin is Taylor Dodge, the insurance president. His daughter, Elaine, employs Craig Kennedy, the famous scientific detective, to try to unravel the mystery. What Kennedy accomplishes is told by his friend Jameson, a newspaper man. Enraged at the determined effort which Elaine and Craig Kennedy are making to put an end to his crimes, the Clutching Hand, as this strange criminal is known, resorts to all sorts of the most diabolical schemes to put them out of the way. Each chapter of the story tells of a new plot against their lives and of the way the great detective uses all his skill to save this pretty girl and himself from death.

TWELFTH EPISODE

THE BLOOD CRYSTALS.

"On your right is the residence of Miss Elaine Dodge, who is pursuing the famous master criminal known as the Clutching Hand."

The barker had been grandiloquently pointing out the residences of noted New Yorkers as the big sight-seeing car lumbered along through the streets.

No one had paid any attention to the unobtrusive Chinaman who sat inconspicuously in the middle of the car. He was Mr. Wong Long Sin, but no one saw anything particularly mysterious about an Oriental visitor, more or less, viewing New York city.

Wong was of the mandarin type, with long, drooping mustache, well dressed in American clothes, and conforming to the new customs of an Occidentalized China.

Anyone, however, who had been watching Long Sin would have seen that he showed much interest whenever any of the wealthy residents of the city were mentioned. The name of Elaine Dodge seemed particularly to strike him. He listened with subtle interest to what the barker said and looked keenly at the Dodge house.

The sight-seeing car had passed the house, when he rose slowly and motioned that he wanted to be let off. The car stopped, he alighted and slowly rambled away, evidently marveling greatly at the strange customs of these uncouth Westerners.

Elaine was going out when she met Perry Bennett almost on the steps of the house.

"I've brought you the watch," remarked Bennett. "Thought I'd like to give it to you myself."

He displayed the watch which he himself had bought a couple of days before for her birthday. He had called for it himself at the jeweler's, where it had now been regulated.

"Oh, thank you," exclaimed Elaine. "Won't you come in?"

They had scarcely greeted each other when Long Sin strolled along. Neither of them, however, had time to note the quiet Chinaman who passed the house, looking at Elaine sharply out of the corner of his eye. They entered and Wong disappeared down the street.

"Isn't it a beauty?" cried Elaine, holding it out from her as they entered the library, and examining it with great appreciation. "And, oh, do you know, the strangest thing happened yesterday! Sometimes Mr. Kennedy acts too queerly for anything."

She related how Craig had burst in on her and Aunt Josephine and had almost torn the other watch off her wrist.

"Another watch?" repeated Bennett, amazed. "It must have been a mistake. Kennedy is crazy."

"I don't understand it, myself," murmured Elaine.

* * * * * * *

Long Sin was revolving some dark and devious plan beneath his impassive Oriental countenance. He was no ordinary personage. In fact, he was astute enough to have no record. He left that to his tools.

This remarkable criminal had established himself in a hired apartment down town.

Long Sin, now in rich Oriental costume, was reclining on a divan smoking a strange-looking pipe and playing with two pet white rats. Each white rat had a gold band around his leg, to which was connected a gold chain about a foot in length, and the chains ended in rings, which were slipped over Wong's little fingers. Ordinarily he carried the pets up the capacious sleeve of each arm.

A little Chinese girl, also in native costume, entered and bowed deferentially.

"A Miss Mary Carson," she lisped in soft English.

"Let the lady enter," waved Long Sin, with a smile of subtle satisfaction.

The girl bowed again and silently left the room, returning with a handsome, very well-dressed white woman.

It would be difficult to analyze just what the fascination was that Long Sin exercised over Mary Carson. But as the servant left the room, Mary bowed almost as deferentially as the little Chinese girl. Wong merely nodded in reply.

After a moment he slowly rose and took from a drawer a newspaper clipping. Without a word he handed it to Mary. She looked at it with interest, as one woman always does at the picture of another pretty woman. It was a newspaper cut of Elaine, under which was [illegible]:

ELAINE DODGE, THE HEIR-ESS, WHOSE BATTLE WITH THE CLUTCHING HAND IS CREATING WIDE INTEREST.

[illegible]

He went over to the wall and took down a curious long Chinese knife from a scabbard which hung there conspicuously.

"See that?" he added, holding it up. Before she could say a word he had plunged the knife, apparently, into his own breast.

"Oh!" cried Mary, startled.

She expected to see him fall. But nothing happened. Wong laughed. It was an oriental trick knife, in which the blade telescoped into the handle.

"Look at it," he added, handing it to her.

Long Sin took a bladder of water from a table near by and concealed it under his coat. "Now, you stab me," he directed.

Mary hesitated. But he repeated the command and she plunged the knife gingerly at him. It telescoped. He made her try it over, and she stabbed him more resolutely. The water from the bladder poured out.

"Good!" cried Long Sin, much pleased. "Now," he added, seating himself beside her, "I want you to lure Elaine here."

* * * * * * *

I had been amusing myself by rigging up a contrivance by which I could make it possible to see through, or, rather, over, a door.

Kennedy, who had been busy at the other end of the laboratory, happened to look over in my direction. "What's the big idea, Walter?" he asked.

It was, I admit, a rather cumbersome and clumsy affair.

"Well, you see, Craig," I explained, "you put the top mirror through the transom of a door and—"

Kennedy interrupted with a hearty burst of laughter.—"But suppose the door has no transom?" he asked, pointing to his own door.

I scratched my head thoughtfully. I had assumed that the door would have a transom. A moment later Craig went to the cabinet and drew out a tube about as big around as a putty blower and as long.

"Now, here's what I call my detectascope," he remarked. "None of your mirrors for me."

"I know," I said somewhat nettled, "but what can you see through that

Elaine Took Out the Package of Bills.

putty blower? A keyhole is just as good."

"Do you realize how little you can really see through a keyhole?" he replied confidently. "Try it over there."

I did, and, to tell the truth, I could see merely a little part of the hall. Then Kennedy inserted the detectascope.

"Look through that," he directed. I put my eye to the eye piece and gazed through the bulging lens of the other end. I could see almost the whole hall.

* * * * * * *

Elaine was playing with Rusty when Jennings brought in a card on which was engraved the name, "Miss Mary Carson," and underneath in pencil was written "Belgian Relief Committee."

"How interesting," commented Elaine, rising and accompanying Jennings into the drawing room. "I wonder what she wants?"

"Very pleased to greet you, Miss Carson," she greeted her visitor.

"You see, Miss Dodge," began Mary, "We're getting up this movement to help the Belgians and we have splendid backing. Just let me show you some of the names on our committee."

She handed Elaine a list.

"I've just been sent to see if I cannot persuade you to join the committee and attend a meeting at Mrs. Riverton's," she went on.

"Why—er," considered Elaine, thoughtfully, "er—yes. It must be all right with such people in it."

"Can you go down with me now?"

"Just as well as later," agreed Elaine.

They went out together, and as they were leaving the house a man who had been loitering outside looked at Elaine, then fixedly at her companion.

No sooner had they gone than he [illegible] off to a [illegible] waiting around the [illegible]. In the dark depths [illegible] a sinister [illegible] Mary [illegible]. The [illegible] in [illegible] of the Clutching [illegible]

"Chief," he whispered eagerly, "you know Adventurous Mary? Well, she's got Elaine Dodge in tow!"

"The deuce!" cried Clutching Hand. "Then we must teach Mary Carson, or whoever she is working for, a lesson. No one shall interfere with our affairs. Follow them!"

* * * * * * *

Elaine and Mary had gone downtown, talking animatedly—walking down the avenue toward Mrs. Riverton's apartment.

Meanwhile, Wong Sin, still in his Chinese costume, was explaining to another male servant just what he wished done, pointing out the dagger on the wall and placing the bladder under his jacket. A box of opium was on the table, and he was giving most explicit directions. It was into such a web that Elaine was being unwittingly led by Mary.

Entering the hallway of the apartment, Mary rang the bell.

The servant opened the door and Elaine and Mary entered. He closed the door and almost before they knew it was gone into the back room.

Elaine gazed about it in trepidation. But before she could say anything, Mary, with a great show of surprise, exclaimed. "Why, I must have made a mistake. This isn't Mrs. Riverton's apartment. How stupid of me."

They looked at each other a moment. Then each laughed nervously, as together they started to go out of the door. It was locked!

Quickly they ran to another door. It was locked also.

Just then the Chinaman entered and stood a moment gazing at them. They turned and Elaine recoiled from him. Wong bowed.

"Oh, sir," cried Mary, "we've made a mistake. Can't you tell us how to get out?"

"No speke Englis," he said, gliding out again from the room and closing the door.

Elaine and Mary looked about in despair.

"What shall we do?" asked Elaine.

Mary said nothing, but with a hasty glance discovered on the wall the knife which Wong had already told her about. She took it from its scabbard. As she did so the Chinaman returned with a tray on which were queer drinks and glasses.

At the sight of Mary with the knife he scowled blackly, laid down the tray, and took a few steps in her direction. She brandished the knife threateningly; then, as if her nerve failed her, fainted, letting the knife fall carefully on the floor so that it struck on the handle, and not on the blade.

Wong quickly caught her as she fainted and carrying her out of the room, banged shut the door. Elaine followed in a moment, loyally to protect her supposed friend, but found that the door had a snap lock on the other side.

She looked about wildly, and in a moment Wong reappeared. As he advanced slowly and insinuatingly, she drew back, pleading. But her words fell on seemingly deaf ears.

She had picked up the knife which Mary had dropped, and when at last Wong maneuvered to get her cornered and was about to seize her, she nerved herself up and stabbed at him resolutely.

Wong staggered back—and fell.

As he did so, he pressed the bladder which he had already placed under his coat. A dark red fluid, like blood, oozed out all over him and ran in a pool on the floor.

Elaine, too horror-stricken at what had happened even to scream, dropped the knife and bent over him. He did not move. She rose quickly and ran through the now open door. As she did so, Wong seemed suddenly to come to life. He raised himself and looked after her, then with a subtle smile sank back into his former assumed posture on the floor.

When Elaine reached the other room she found Mary there with the Chinese servant who was giving her a glass of water. At the sight of her, the servant paused, then withdrew into another room farther back. Mary, now apparently recovering from her faintness, smiled wanly at Elaine.

"It's all right," she murmured. "He is a Chinese prince who thought we were callers."

At the reassuring nod of Mary toward the front room, Elaine was overcome.

"I—I killed him!" she managed to gasp.

"What?" cried Mary, starting up and trembling violently. "You killed him—"

"Yes," sobbed Elaine. "He came at me—had the knife—I struck at him—"

The two girls ran into the other room. There Mary looked at the motionless body on the floor and recoiled, horrified.

Elaine noticed some spots on her hands, and, seeing that they were stained by the blood of Long Sin, wiped the spots off on her handkerchief, dropping it to the floor.

"Ugh!" exclaimed a guttural voice behind them.

It was the servant who had come in.

"You—kill him—with knife?" insinuated the Chinese.

Elaine was dumb. The servant did not wait for an answer but hastily opened the hall door.

To Elaine it seemed that something must be done quickly. A moment and all the house would be in uproar.

Instead, he placed his finger on his lips. "Quick—no word," he said leading the way to the hall door, "and oh, you must not leave that—it will be a clue," he added, picking up the bloody handkerchief and pressing it into Elaine's hand.

They quickly ran out into the hall. "Go quick," he urged again, "and hide the handkerchief in the bag. Let no one see it!"

He shut the door. As they hurried away Elaine breathed a sigh of relief.

They had reached the street. Afraid to run, they hurried as fast as they could until they turned the first corner.

They pressed each other's hands and parted.

Meanwhile in the front room Long Sin was on his feet again, brushing himself off and [illegible] the room.

"It worked—[illegible]," he [illegible] to the servant.

They were conversing eagerly and laughing and did not hear a noise in the back room.

A sinister figure had made its way by means of a fire escape to a rear window that was not barred, and silently he had stolen in on them.

They turned at a slight noise and saw him. Genuine fright was now on their faces as they looked at him, open mouthed.

"What's all this?" he growled. "I am known as the Clutching Hand. I allow no interference with my affairs. Tell me what you are doing here with Elaine Dodge."

Their beady almond eyes flashed fear. The Clutching Hand moved menacingly. There was nothing for the astute Wong Long Sin to do but to submit.

With a low bow, Wong spread out his hands in surrender and submission.

"I will tell you, honorable sir," he said at length.

"Go on!" growled the criminal.

Quickly Wong rehearsed what had happened from the moment the idea of blackmail entered his head.

"How about Mary Carson?" asked Clutching Hand. "I saw her here."

Wong gave a glance of almost superstitious dread at the man.

"She will be back—is here now," he added, opening the door at a knock and admitting her.

Adventuress Mary had hurried back to see that all was right. This time Mary was genuinely scared at the forbidding figure of which she had heard.

"It is all right," pacified Wong. "Henceforth we work with the honorable Clutching Hand."

* * * * * * *

At home at last, Elaine sank down into a deep library chair and stared straight ahead. She saw visions of arrest and trial, of the terrible electric chair with herself in it, bound, and of the giving of the fatal signal for turning on the current.

Were such things as these going to happen to her, without Kennedy's help? Why had they quarreled? She buried her face in her hands and wept.

Then she could stand it no longer. She had not taken off her street clothes. She rose and almost fled from the house.

Kennedy and I were still in the laboratory when a knock sounded at the door. I went to the door and opened it. There stood Elaine Dodge.

It was a complete surprise to Craig.

"What is the matter?" he asked.

She hesitated, then suddenly burst out, "Craig—I—I am—a murderess!"

I had never before seen such a look on Craig's face as suddenly came over it.

Then she poured forth the story substantially as I have set it down, but without the explanations which at that time was not known to any of us.

"Oh," expostulated Craig, "there must be some mistake. It's impossible—impossible."

"No," she asserted. "Look—there's my handkerchief all spotted with blood."

Elaine, Too Horror-Stricken Even to Scream, Dropped the Knife and Bent Over Him.

She opened the bag and displayed the blood-stained handkerchief. He took it and examined it carefully.

"Elaine," he said earnestly, not at all displeased I could see, that something had come up that might blot out the past unfortunate misunderstanding, "there simply must be something wrong here. Leave this handkerchief with me. I'll do my best."

"Thank you," she said simply as she left the laboratory.

Craig went to work abruptly without a word.

On the laboratory table he placed his splendid microscope and several cases of slides, as well as innumerable micro-photographs. He had been working for some time when he looked up.

"It is dog's blood—not human blood," he said simply, "but what's the game back of all this—that's the main question now."

It was not much later that Elaine received a second visit from Mary.

"Do you know why the servant allowed us to leave the apartment?" whispered Mary with a glance about fearfully, as if the walls had ears.

"No—why?" inquired Elaine anxiously.

"He's a tong man who has been chosen to do away with the prince. He followed me, and says you have done his work for him. If you will give him ten thousand dollars for expenses he will attend to hiding the body."

Here, at least, was a way out.

"It is the safest way out of the trouble. Yes, I'll do it. I'll stop at the bank now and get the money."

They rose and Mary preceded her, eager to get away from the house. At the door, however, Elaine asked her to wait while she ran back on some pretext.

Our telephone rang in the middle of our conversation on blood crystals, and Kennedy himself answered it.

It was Elaine asking Craig's advice.

"They have offered to hush the thing up for ten thousand dollars," she said in a muffled voice.

She seemed to be taking it, and no [illegible] or [illegible] stop. She [illegible] it so cept the evidence of the blood crystals as better than what her own eyes told her she had seen and done.

"Then wait for half an hour," he answered, without arguing further. "You can do that without exciting suspicion. Then go with her to her hotel and hand her over the money."

"All right—I'll do it," she agreed.

"What is the hotel?"

Craig wrote on a slip of paper what she told him—"Room 509, Hotel La Coste."

Hastily he threw on his street coat. "Go into the back room and get me a brace and bit, Walter," he said.

I did so. When I returned I saw that he had placed the detectascope and some stuff in a bag. He shoved in the brace and bit also.

"Come on—hurry!" he urged.

We must have made record time in getting to the La Coste. It was an ornate place, where merely to breathe was expensive. We entered, and by some excuse Kennedy contrived to get past the vigilant bell-hops. We passed the telephone switchboard and entered the elevator, getting off at the fifth floor.

With a hasty glance up and down the corridor, to make sure no one was about, Kennedy came to Room 509, then passed to the next room, 511, opening the door with a skeleton key.

Quickly Craig went to the door which led to the next room. It was, of course, locked also. He listened a moment carefully. Not a sound. Quickly, with an exclamation of satisfaction, he opened that door also and went into 509.

This room was much like that in which we had already been. He opened the hall door.

"Watch here, Walter," he directed. "Let me know at the slightest alarm."

Craig had already taken the brace and bit from the bag and started to bore through the wall in Room 511, selecting a spot behind a picture of a Spanish dancer—a spot directly back of her snapping black eyes. He finished quickly and inserted the detectascope so that the lens fitted as an eye in the picture. The eye-piece was in room 511. Then he started to brush up the pieces of plaster on the floor.

"Craig," I whispered hastily as I heard an elevator door, "someone's coming!"

He hurried to the door and looked. "There they are," he said, as he saw Elaine and Mary rounding the corner of the hall.

Across the hall, although we did not know it at the time, in room 540, already Wong Sin had taken up his station, just to be handy. There he had been with his servant, playing with his two trained white rats.

Wong placed them up his capacious sleeves and carefully opened the door to look out. Unfortunately he was just in time to see the door of 509 open and disclose us.

We hurried into 511 and shut the door.

Kennedy mounted a chair and applied his eye to the detectascope. Just then Mary and Elaine entered the next room, Mary opening the door with a regular key.

"Won't you step in?" she asked.

Elaine did so and Mary hesitated in the hall. Wong Sin had slipped out on noiseless feet and taken refuge behind some curtains. As he saw her alone, he beckoned to Mary.

"There's a stranger in the next room," he whispered. "I don't like him. Take the money and as quickly as possible get out and go to my apartment."

At the news that there was a suspicious stranger about Mary showed great alarm. Everything was so rapid now that the slightest hesitation meant disaster. Perhaps by quickness even a suspicious stranger could be fooled, she reasoned. At any rate, Wong Sin was resourceful. She had better trust him.

Mary followed Elaine into the room, where she had seated herself already, and locked the door.

"Have you the money there?" she asked.

"Yes," nodded Elaine, taking out the package of bills which she had got from the bank during the half-hour delay.

All this we could see by gazing alternately through the detectascope.

Elaine handed Mary the money. Mary counted it slowly. At last she looked up.

"It's all right," she said. "Now, I'll take this to that tong leader. He's in a room only just across the hall."

She went out.

Mary had just succeeded in getting on the elevator as Kennedy hurried down the hall. The door was closed and the car descended. He rang the push bell furiously, but there was no answer.

He dashed back to the room with us and jerked the telephone receiver.

"Hello—hello—hello!" he called.

There seemed to be no way to get a connection. What was the matter?

He hurried down the hall again.

Down in the hotel lobby, with his follower, the Chinaman paused before the telephone switchboard, where two girls were at work.

"[illegible] go," [illegible] and, as his [illegible] left, he moved over [illegible] to the switchboard.

Just as a call from 509 flashed up, Wong slipped the rings off his little fingers and loosened the white rats on the telephone switchboard itself.

With a shriek the telephone system of the Coste went temporarily out of business.

* * * * * * *

Kennedy had succeeded in finding the alcove of the floor clerk in charge of the fifth floor. There on his desk was an instrument having a stylus on the end of two arms, connected to a system of magnets. It was a telautograph.

Unceremoniously Craig pushed the clerk out of his seat and sat down himself. It was a last chance, now that the telephone was out of commission.

Downstairs in the hotel office, where the excitement had not spread to every one, was the other end of the electric long-distance writer.

It started to write, as Kennedy wrote, upstairs:

"House Detective quick—hold woman with blue chatelaine bag, getting out of elevator."

The clerks downstairs saw it and shouted above the din of the rat-baiting:

"McCann—McCann!"

The clerk had torn off the message from the telautograph register and handed it to the house man, who pushed his way to the desk.

Quickly the detective called to the bell-hops. Together they hurried after the well-dressed woman who had just swept out of the elevator. Mary had already passed through the excited lobby and out and was about to cross the street—safe.

McCann and the bell-hops were now in full cry after her. Flight was useless. She took refuge in indignation and threats.

But McCann was obdurate. She passed quickly to tears and pleadings. It had no effect. They insisted on leading her back. The game was up.

"Here," cried Kennedy, "take her up in the elevator. I'll prove the case."

* * * * * * *

"Now—not a word of who she is in the papers, McCann," Kennedy concluded, referring to Elaine. "You know, it wouldn't sound well for the La Coste. As for that woman—well, I've got the money back. You can take her off—make the charge."

As the house man left with Mary I handed Craig his bag. We moved toward the door, and as we stood there a moment with Elaine, he quietly handed over to her the big roll of money.

If he had been less of a scientist, he might have understood the look on her face, but, with a nod to me, he turned and went.

As she looked first at him, then at the paltry ten thousand in her hand, Elaine stamped her little foot in vexation.

"I'm glad I didn't say anything more," she cried. "No—no—he shall beg my pardon first—there!"

THE CONCLUSION.

The Preserve Closet

The condition and location of the preserve closet has much to do with success in canning and preserving. The housekeeper may labor for many hours, adhering strictly to all the rules of preserving, and at the end of the season have an array of jars to her credit and later in the year wake up to the fact that her work has gone for nothing because she did not know how to look after her preserve closet.

The usual cupboard given up to preserves consists of a number of deep shelves set into the wall of the cellar and fitted with a door to keep out the dust and sunlight. The position of the shelves is not always considered as carefully chosen as it ought to be and only too often the preserve cupboard will be found placed too close to the furnace instead of being just as far from it as possible. Sometimes it is placed in direct line with an east or south window and its door will in this case be but a poor protection from the hot rays of the sun. Again, it may be that in building the house this particular cupboard is set close to the wall of a soft-water cistern where the stagnant water may give off foul odors.

The shelves of a preserve closet should be just wide enough to hold comfortably one row of quart jars, that is, from 6 to 8 inches. If the shelves are wider and a second or third row be added it is impossible to reach the back row without moving the row in front. It is a well known rule that cannot be too strongly emphasized that preserves should be moved just as little as possible after the covers have been adjusted or tightened for the last time. The cupboard itself should be kept as cool and dark as possible. If too warm, the fruits will spoil. Light spoils all fruit, and especially tomatoes, in which it causes the formation of citric acid, which no amount of sugar will sweeten.

If the cupboard be placed so that it faces a north or west wall, it will be possible to maintain a low degree of temperature, without the use of ice. Placing as far as possible from the windows and providing with a close-fitting door will do much to exclude the light. Unless the cupboard is very dark the jars should be wrapped in brown wrapping paper as soon as cold.

Sheriff's Sales.

By virtue of writs of levari facias issued out of the Court of Common Pleas of Tioga county, Pa., and to me directed, I will expose to public sale at the court house in Wellsboro, Pa., on MONDAY, MAY 10, 1915, at one o'clock p. m., the following described property in Tioga county, Pa.:

1. All those two certain lots of land situate in the township of Morris, county of Tioga, state of Pennsylvania, described as follows: One lot beginning at a stone corner on line of land of James Blackwell; thence east by said line six and one-half rods to a small run or brook; thence up said run north, 29 degrees east, twenty-five rods; north, 69 degrees east, fifteen rods; north, 19 degrees east, twenty-one rods; and north, 36½ degrees east, thirty-two rods to a post and stone corner in said run, and in line of lands late of Frederick Campbell; thence by said Campbell's lands west forty-nine rods to a stone corner in line of lot hereinafter described; thence south by said hereinafter described lot sixty-four rods to the place of beginning. Containing twelve acres and sixty-three rods, and being the same lot of land conveyed to said mortgagor by Edwin R. Blackwell and others, heirs at law of John M. Blackwell, who died intestate, by deed of date Dec. 3, 1889. To be sold as the property of George A. Blackwell and Sarah J. Blackwell, terre tenant, suit of D. L. Deane.

2. The other lot beginning at the southwest corner of land surveyed for Henry S. Archer and others; thence by the same east one hundred and five perches to the southeast corner of the same; thence south by lands of Frederick Campbell, Darius Broughton, and the lot herein first described one hundred and forty-eight rods to the line of lands surveyed for Blackwells; thence by the same west one hundred and five rods to line of lands of Union Tanning Co. for Hoyt Bros.; thence north by said Tanning Co. or Hoyt Bros. lands and lands of James Custard and F. E. Doane one hundred and forty-eight rods to the place of beginning. Containing ninety-seven acres, more or less, excepting and reserving from the effects of this mortgage twenty-seven and 6-10 acres, the northerly part of the lot herein last described, which by deed of even date herewith has been conveyed by said mortgagor and his wife to one James E. Campbell. About 25 acres improved, with a two story frame dwelling house, 16 by 24 feet, with a two-story wing 14 by 16 feet attached, large frame barn, 30 by 40, nearly new, an apple orchard and small fruit trees thereon and watered by a well and small stream. To be sold as the property of George A. Blackwell and Sarah J. Blackwell, terre tenant, suit of D. L. Deane.

3. All that farm or land situate in Delmar township, Tioga county, Pennsylvania, and described as follows: Bounded northerly by lands of Robt. Campbell; easterly by lands formerly of John Reppard, deceased, land formerly of O. A. Buckley and land of William Robertson; southerly by lands of William Robertson and land now or formerly of Robert Wilson and the Robert Steele estate, and on the west by lands of Charles Comstick and George Hibbreth. Containing two hundred acres, more or less, being the same land conveyed to said Galusha B. Wilcox by Edward Wilcox and others by deed dated December 20th, 1887, and recorded in said county in deed book No. 86, page 17, etc. Excepting and reserving from said land the lots conveyed to William Robertson by deed June 16th, 1893, see deed book No. 98, page 485, and one lot of fifty-four acres and one hundred and fourteen perches conveyed to Luther P. Wallridge by deed dated June 19, 1893, see deed book No. 98, page 478, etc. About 120 acres improved and balance wood lot, with a large, square, two-story dwelling house with steel siding, a barn 46x60 feet, a workshop 20x40 feet and an apple orchard thereon, and well watered. To be sold as the property of Galusha B. Wilcox, Mortgagor, and Leon Wilcox, Verne Wilcox, Harry G. Wilcox, Asceneth Wetherbee, and Edson J. Catlin, Guardian ad litem of Rue Wilcox, Roy Wilcox, Hiram Wilcox, Wilkes Wilcox, Charles Wilcox and Pauline Wilcox, present owners, suit of Walter Sherwood and E. H. Owlett, Executors and Trustees under the will of John W. Hastings, deceased.

EVAN P. REES,
Sheriff.

April 22-3t.

FOREST LAWN SANITARIUM

After five months spent in post-graduate study and hospital and sanitarium work in California, I feel that I am better able than ever to give my patients the best in medicine and surgery. The "Twilight Sleep," as used in the great maternity hospital in Frieburg, Germany, (See McClure's Magazine for June and October, 1914) will be given to all patients desiring to avail themselves of this wonderful pain-saving procedure. Also some new ideas in the treatment of alcohol and drug addictions.

Address

W. G. LENT, M. D.
WELLSBORO, PA.

THE PARABLE OF THE PEBBLES

Once upon a time a very wise lady saw a chicken eat a pebble. Then the wise lady told what she had seen, with additions. "A strict pebble diet is the only thing for chickens," affirmed she.

Not until the poor birds had died by thousands did the people realize that because one woman saw a chicken eat a pebble once, all chickens do not want their entire diet to consist of pebbles.

If after a cake has been baked it persists in sticking to the bottom of the pan turn the pan upside down and press close to it a very wet cloth. This will bring the cake out quickly.

Tatting will look like new if, when being laundered it is basted to a bath towel. Otherwise it is nearly always ruined.

When pin-feathers come out with difficulty, place a piece of [illegible] in [illegible]

P. W. HOUSER, M. E., M. D.

WELLSBORO, PA.

OCULIST and AURIST

Diseases of the Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat. Glasses Fitted, Lens Duplicated.

All chronic diseases, many of which are intractible by drug therapy, treated by the most modern appliances. I publish no testimonials, but ask for references in your own immediate community.

In regard to glasses, the public should know that an ill fitting lens or glasses are more harmful than no glasses at all, also that about one in four cases of poor vision, it is not glasses that are needed but a [illegible] to other parts of body [illegible]

MATERIALS FOR SPRAYING INSECTICIDES DISINFECTANTS

A full and complete line of all the standard preparations recommended by the State authorities, in any quantity. Lime, Sulphur, Blue Vitriol, Copperas, Formaldhyd, Dalmatian Insect Powder, KarBraK, Kreso Dip, Paris Green, Lime and Sulphur Solution, Arsenite of Lead, in paste and powder, White Helebore. The above always on hand.

CORNER DRUG STORE —FAY F. HOWD

Blatchley Says

He has engaged the services of Miss M. Marshall, the

Expert Boston Beauty Specialist

for one week beginning May 3rd.

He will be glad to have her call on a number of ladies in Wellsboro each day to give you a free massage and individual help and advice on the care of your skin.

Step into his store, write, or phone him. He'll do the rest. Understand Miss Marshall's advice and massage is free.

H. L. Blatchley
The Rexall Store

COAL PRICES
Cash Reduction

The following prices for 2,000 pounds Anthracite delivered within borough limits, in effect April 20th, 1915:

Pea	$4.70
Nut, Stove	6.80
Egg	6.60

A reduction of 50 cents from above prices will be allowed on orders received between April 20 and May 20, IF CASH ACCOMPANIES ORDER. Delivery as wanted. The price on Pea is the lowest in years.

SOMETHING NEW
A SUMMER REDUCTION ON SOFT COAL

Present prices delivered:

Twice Screened	$3.80
Run of Mines	3.20

On orders for 2 or more tons received before May 20th, CASH WITH ORDER, a reduction of 40 cents from above prices will be allowed. Delivery to suit our convenience during June, July and August only. Remember, however, orders must be in before May 20.

Geo. M. Spalding

IS TIME YOU INSURED WITH KLOCK
L. H. KLOCK
WELLSBORO, PA.
FIRE - LIFE - ACCIDENT
LIABILITY
INSURANCE

J. E. BENJAMIN
Eyesight Specialist
Farmers' Phone, 31 B. WELLSBORO, PA.

DR. H. W. BAILEY
DENTIST
WELLSBORO, PA.
Office over Mathers & March's store

LOCAL NOTICES.

Piano Tuning—Tuning and repairing. Farmers' Phone 117 W.
CHARLES FISCHLER.

Royster Fertilizer.—Just received a car load of fresh Royster Fertilizer—best made. Also high grade agricultural lime. R. J. DUNHAM.

Suffrage Meeting.—The officers of the Woman Suffrage Party of Tioga county will hold an equal suffrage meeting in the Grange Hall at Balsam, Saturday evening at 8 o'clock. All are cordially invited to attend.

W. C. T. U. Meeting.—The W. C. T. U. will meet with Mrs. Rhoda Kilbourne next Wednesday afternoon at 2 o'clock. Program as follows: Music, "Make the Map All White;" reading, "The First Army Canteen;" reading, "Towels for Soldiers and Sailors;" poem, "The Flag of the U. S.;" talk by Mrs. Kilbourne on the U. S. army; exercise, Gen. Dagget's reason for opposing the army canteen; poem, "Beautiful Flag;" music, "Vote Them Out." Collection for S. and S. work; everyone welcome.

The Gazette.

THURSDAY, APRIL 29, 1915.

New Advertisements.

New Garage English & Howe.
Specials for Saturday—Bernkopf's.
House Cleaning Sale Mather & March.
Demonstration and Sale R. J. Dunham.
Register's Notice—R. W. Field, Register.
California Expositions—H. E. Lesan Agency
Tax Payers' Appeal—A. J. Shattuck, Clerk.
Orphans' Court Notice—R. W. Field, Clerk.
Administrator's Sale—D. E. Watson, Administrator.
Household Goods for Sale—Forest Lawn Sanitarium.

BRIEF HOME LOCALS.

—Wellsboro can boast of four garages.

—Concert this evening at the parish house.

—Mason Owlett has bought Leonard Harrison's Metz car.

—Mrs. Wesley Johnson, of Corning, is visiting friends in town.

—Evans & Snyder are enlarging their garage on Waln street.

—A daughter was born April 17th to Mr. and Mrs. Stacey Spencer.

—Mrs. S. O. Daggett visited in Williamsport the first of the week.

—George Harrison is spending several weeks at Tioga, West Virginia.

—Rev. L. A. Davis, of Friendship, N. Y., visited friends in town last week.

—An addition is being built to the Harkness & Borden milk on Charleston street.

—L. R. Larrison and family, of Westfield, motored to this borough last Sunday.

—Miss Marjorie V. Dailey is visiting at the home of her parents near Philadelphia.

—Lester Schanbacher, of Westfield, spent a few days in town last week with friends.

—The date for the Wellsboro Chautauqua has been fixed for the week of July 30th.

—Charles H. Stubbs, of Buffalo, was a business visitor in town the first of the week.

—Miss Dora Evans returned home last week from Newark, N. J., to spend the summer.

—Landlord S. O. Daggett has sold his 'bus team of blacks to Ernest Watkins, of Delmar.

—Mr. and Mrs. G. H. Narramore, of Philadelphia, are visiting relatives in Wellsboro and vicinity.

—Mr. and Mrs. William O'Connor visited their daughter, Mrs. Koelble, in New York city last week.

—Mrs. John Gisin has gone to Los Angeles, California, to reside with her daughter, Mrs. A. W. Heckner.

—Mrs. A. G. Koelble and daughter, Mary, of New York, are visiting Mrs. Koelble's mother, Mrs. William O'Connor.

—D. D. Holiday left at this office one day last week two double-yolk eggs, laid by a pullet, that weighed half a pound.

—Weather permitting, the Stony Fork Band will furnish music next Sunday at 2 p. m. at the Kennedy Baptist church.

—A son was born to Mr. and Mrs. Leon Grosjean, of Watkins, N. Y., April 18th. Mr. Grosjean is a former Wellsboro boy.

—Charles Clark has substituted an auto for his transfer coach and meets all trains for the Wilcox House and other parts of town.

—Mrs. E. E. Everts, of Corning, is a patient at the Forest Lawn Sanitarium, where she underwent a surgical operation on Tuesday.

—Owing to the extreme hot weather for this season of the year the ice wagon began its rounds ahead of schedule time, making its first trip Tuesday.

—The ball team of Haverling High School, of Bath, N. Y., defeated the Wellsboro High School team at the Athletic grounds last Saturday by the score of 9 to 4.

—Several hundred cords of stove wood on the County Farm caught fire in some manner last Thursday night and was entirely destroyed. The loss is placed at about $600.

—The local order of Odd Fellows attended services at the Episcopal church last Sunday in a body, when Rev. Torkington preached the annual sermon on Odd Fellowship.

—Tioga Lodge, No. 230, I. O. O. F., will celebrate the forty-fourth anniversary of the reorganization of the lodge to-morrow evening by giving a supper and ball in Armory Hall.

—Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd Smith, Mr. and Mrs. L. H. Klock and Dr. and Mrs. J. E. Benjamin gave a card party at the home of Mrs. Benjamin on Waln street last Friday evening.

—Louis Smith, of Jersey Shore, a former resident of this borough, was in town yesterday and called at the Gazette office. Mr. Smith is employed at the New York Central car shops at Avis.

—Orson Wilcox, son of Mr. and Mrs. E. A. Wilcox, student at the Mansfield Normal, was taken to the Blossburg hospital last Wednesday where he underwent an operation for appendicitis.

—W. D. Vedder, Jr., son of Dr. and Mrs. W. D. Vedder, of this borough, was a member of the Mansfield Normal relay team that won second prize at the meet on Franklin field in Philadelphia last Saturday.

—F. A. Weller & Son, of Mansfield, formerly of Wellsboro, are erecting a large garage for C. M. Fields at Tioga. They have discontinued the manufacture of roller bolts and have erected a sawmill for the purpose of doing job work.

—Mr. and Mrs. Marion Willard and daughter, Ruth, and Mrs. Z. H. Peters have returned from Montour Falls, N. Y., where Mrs. Willard was called by the death of her aunt, Mrs. Jud Hendy, at that place. The trip was made in Mr. Willard's car.

—The Wellsboro Carriage Company have sold Ford cars during the past few days to Mrs. Fronia Rice, of Charleston; Rev. W. W. Brunk and Dr. C. W. Webb, of Wellsboro; Jos. S. Nittrowr, of Crooked Creek; L. H. Bailey and Orlando P. Jones, of Charleston, and a Krit to Loren Clark, of Chatham.

—The Mansfield Advertiser says that Miss Mildred Smith and Miss Helen Coe, seniors in the Kindergarten course at the Normal, are to start a private kindergarten in Wellsboro next fall. The young ladies recently received a very encouraging response to inquiries made in the vicinity with relation to the new departure and secured the names of a sufficient number of patrons to warrant the step.

—Oswald Aldam will go to Wellsboro next Thursday where he will play a violin solo in a musical which is to be given under the direction of Rev. J. W. Torkington, pastor of the Episcopal church in that place. Mr. Torkington was former pastor of the Grace Methodist Episcopal church in this city. Miss Retta and Cameron Peterman, of Elmira, formerly of the North Side, Corning, will also have a part in the entertainment.—Corning Leader.

—Mrs. Chester Johnson, aged 72 years, died at her home on East avenue last Friday morning after a prolonged illness. Besides her husband she is survived by three daughters and one son: Mortimer E. Johnson, Mrs. Vera L. Wingate and Miss Charlotte Johnson, of Wellsboro, and Mrs. Leona Tewksbury, of Buffalo. The funeral was held Sunday afternoon at three o'clock, Rev. Eugene Neubauer, pastor of the First Baptist church, officiating; interment in the Wellsboro cemetery.

—Last Saturday evening Merle Mitchell and Miss Nellie Slocum, both of Middlebury, had a narrow escape from what might have proved a serious if not fatal accident while motoring on the Marsh creek road. When near the Keck celery farm the car swerved suddenly to one side of the road and went over the bank. The car is said to have turned over twice in going down the bank, but fortunately the occupants were thrown clear of the machine and both escaped with severe bruises. The car was only slightly damaged. Last fall Mr. Mitchell's car ran off the bridge near the Bennett & Latzer farm at Wellsboro Junction and the occupants narrowly escaped being drowned in the creek.

—Max Bernkopf & Brother have been awarded the second prize of $50 in the fashion fete contest conducted by the H. W. Gossard Corset Company, of Chicago. Early this spring, the Gossard Company sent notices to all their agents in all prominent cities and towns of the United States and foreign countries, that they were awarding fifteen prizes, amounting to $800, for the best photographs and descriptions of spring openings or displays of fashions. The Bernkopf store submitted photos and detailed description of their recent fashion show, as described in our issue of April 1st, and the judges at Chicago awarded the second prize to the Bernkopf store. In their letter the Gossard Company state: "The photographs you sent us show very careful thought on your part and a spirit and interest in advancing merchandise ideas which is very creditable for a store in a town the size of Wellsboro."

Death From Diphtheria at Keeneyville

Keeneyville, April 28.—Harold, the 10-year-old son of Mr. and Mrs. Elmer Bixby, died last week Monday night of diphtheria. The bereaved family have the sympathy of their many friends.

Mrs. Fannie Churchill has returned home after spending the winter with her daughter, Mrs. Lovie Short, of Chatham.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Babcock are visiting friends at Mills, Potter county.

Benjamin Edwards, of Wellsboro, is here with his drilling machine. He has drilled a well for Elmer Chestnut and is now drilling for Smith & Close.

Walter Ames and Ernest Monks are the carpenters employed by Mrs. Palmer to build a new kitchen on the house occupied by Dr. Kennedy.

James Hotelling has moved his saw mill from Geo. Morton's to Chas. West's and is sawing again.

The lagrippe and colds have made their round and we are all ready for farming, gardening and house cleaning.

Fortunately there have been no more cases of diptheria.

—One of the mysteries that man has so far failed to solve is the reason why a women crise when she is glad

LOCAL GLEANINGS:

Many Items of Interest From Nearby Towns and Neighboring Counties.

—Canton is to have a $21,000 school building.

—Five thousand trees from the State nurseries are being transplanted on grounds belonging to Coudersport Consistory. The species used are white pine, Norway spruce and European larch, and were raised in the State nursery at Asaph from the seed.

—Messrs. John F. Stone and A. W. Dodge, two philanthropists of Coudersport, have bought the local W. C. T. U. building there for use "as a social and athletic center for the young people" of the village, to be used "strictly for non-sectarian purposes." Each of them contributed $2,000 for the purpose.

—The Bradford county farm bureau, in conjunction with the county superintendent of public schools, offers $20 each cash prize in corn-growing contest, in potato growing contest, bread-baking and sewing contest; $10 to first, $5 to second, $3 to third and $2 to fourth in each class, open to school children between the ages of 10 and 20 years.

—Ray Davis, of Farmington, died last Wednesday afternoon as a result of injuries sustained from being thrown from a road scraper the previous day. Mr. Davis was working on the scraper when the king bolt broke and he was thrown about twelve feet, injuring him internally. He was 47 years of age and is survived by his widow, a son and a daughter.

—Giles Kinner, a lifelong resident of Jackson township, died at the family home in Millerton, April 19, after an extended illness. The decedent was 73 years old, and is survived by his widow and four sons. Mr. Kinner was a veteran of the Civil War, he having passed four years in the service. Eleven months of that time he was held a prisoner in the Andersonville prison.

—A Towanda mob stormed the jail in that place last Wednesday afternoon in an effort to take George Smith, a colored tramp, who attacked 18-year-old Anna Crowl in her home while she was preparing something for him to eat. The young woman was seized unawares, and beaten into insensibility by the negro, and after ransacking the house he made his escape, but was soon lodged in jail.

—More than 1,000 hogs infected with foot and mouth disease in the city of Philadelphia were killed last Friday by order of Dr. J. C. Marshall, chief of the State Live Stock and Sanitary Board. More than 4,000 hogs in the same district which have not contracted the disease, but have been in the same piggeries with the diseased animals, also will be killed, and their owners will be allowed to sell them for food, provided the killing is done under direction of State inspectors.

Trapping Naughty Chickens.

According to a story that comes from Stevens Point, Wisconsin, a citizen complained to his neighbor that his chickens were digging up his seed as fast as he could plant it. The neighbor scorned the allegation, of course, as no chicken owner will believe aught against his thoroughbreds, any more than a fond mother will believe that her darling offspring would do wrong.

So the aggrieved party employed the device of running thread through kernels of corn and attaching cards to the thread, and the chicks went home that night carrying in their beaks such placards as these: "I have just been scratching in Mr. Sackett's yard," "I am a naughty chicken," "I have been trespassing," and "I am a feathered bandit."

The sequel to the story is not given, except that it is reported that the owner of the chickens was overcome with shame. It is not too much to suppose that he lost no time in getting across to the residence of his neighbor and making the proper apologies and amends. There is something about the incident that inspires one to hope that all chicken controversies might be settled as diplomatically and as peacefully as this one in the Wisconsin city.

Death of Mrs. Thomas Horning.

Mrs. Thomas Horning, of Pine City, N. Y., died Monday night, April 19th, at the home of her sister, Mrs. Susannah Franke, in Corning, after an illness of several years duration.

Mrs. Horning left her home a few weeks ago to visit her sister at Corning and while there she suffered a paralytic stroke from which she failed to rally. She was a woman of noble Christian character and had been a member of the Methodist church for over 50 years. She had lived at Pine City for seven years, moving there from Wellsboro.

The deceased is survived by her husband, one daughter, Mrs. R. F. Robinson, of Morris, and three sons—Calvin, of Homer City, Pa.; Thomas, of Oxford, N. Y., and Robert, of Glen Falls, N. Y. The funeral was held at the family home in Pine City last Thursday afternoon. Burial in Woodlawn cemetery in Elmira.

Wans Verdict for $6,000 Set Aside.

A $6,000 verdict for Mrs. Ella Hazleton, of Corning, formerly of Wellsboro, for the death of her husband through the alleged negligence of the defendants, the Erie and New York Central railroads, was awarded by the jury last Wednesday morning.

Mrs. Hazleton had asked for $25,000 damages in the case. As most of the jurors are reported to have favored a larger verdict in this case, a new trial of the case seems probable.

From a Lifelong Democrat.

A well-known resident of Liberty township and a lifelong Democrat in renewing his subscription for the Gazette, says:

"I rejoice in the stand you have taken. Please accept the right hand of fellowship. If a brother goes wrong slap him and if he does right pat him on the back. We have too many who, when up the ladder, don't look back and help those that gave him the boost."

Chautauqua S. H. G. Program.

May 4.—Hostess, Mrs. J. J. Davis; roll call, Proverbs; quiz on Chapters I, II and III of "Through England With Tennyson," Mrs. Mastin; music, supplied by hostess; reading of Tennyson's "Harold" by Society; story of the week, Miss Margaret Ryan.

May 11.—Hostess, Mrs. O. A. Kilbourn; roll call, personal experiences; quix on Chapters IV, V, VI and VII of "Through England With Tennyson," Mrs. Turner; music, supplied by hostess; paper, Mr. Kilbourn; story of the week, Miss Ryan.

May 18.—Hostess, Mrs. Mastin; roll call, sayings of children; imaginary trip, guide, Mrs. D. W. Navle; music, supplied by hostess; character sketch, "Disraeli," Mrs. Brooks; quiz on Chapters VIII, IX, X and XI of "Through England With Tennyson," Mrs. Davis; story of the week, Mrs. Kilbourn.

May 25.—Hostess, Mrs. Geo. C. Brooks; roll call, quotations on music; quiz on Chapters XII, XIII, XIV and XV of "Through England With Tennyson," Mrs. Bache; music, supplied by hostess; paper, Mrs. W. S. Mitchell; story of the week, Mrs. Kilbourn.

Do It Yourself.

The Gazette heartily endorses the following from the Smethport Democrat: "One of the most foolish things that can be imposed on a newspaper is to ask the editor, a request that is hard to refuse, to publish a card of thanks to those who have performed an act of kindness at the time of death of a member of the family. If you desire to thank any one for such acts, go to them in person, or what is more to the point drop them a letter expressing your thanks, but never ask the newspaper to do what is not its duty to do, and what is very much out of place for any one to request, as any one who does an act of kindness at the time of death does not look into a newspaper to find a card of thanks, and nothing will be thought of the matter if thank you is entirely forgotten by the bereaved family. At all events never ask the newspaper to do what you ought to do yourself."

—A New York woman used an ax, an ice pick and a butcher knife on her husband. Some women go to extremes when they set out to make an impression.—Detroit Tribune.

Democrat First, Last and All Time.

Mr. Conevery is well known in Hammondsport, having been the first foreman in the Herald office, coming here from Bath in 1874, remaining until the summer of 1876. He has conducted a most excellent newspaper in Wellsboro, Democratic first, last and all the time. He ought not to have been beaten for the postmastership except by a much more deserving man, which seems very unlikely to have been the case.—Hammondsport (N. Y.) Herald.

We like to see a man who "wants justice only" get mercy when he hollers for it, because when he gets it it is usually accompanied with a large portion of contempt thrown in for good measure.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

Water Drinking.

Somebody is quoted by Dr. Woods Hutchinson as saying that the human body is made up of a few pounds of lime and a couple of handfuls of salt dissolved in four buckets of water. The patriarch was nearer the truth than might have been supposed when he reproached Reuben with being 'unstable as water.'

An adult person needs to drink about six glassfuls of water a day to supply all that is needed by the body. It is hard to drink too much water, and there is a question whether the benefit that some people derive from drinking special waters on doctor's orders isn't really due to the fact that they make a business of drinking and so get plenty of fluid into the system.—Kansas City Star.

DEMONSTRATION and SALE

NEXT SATURDAY, May 1

we will give a demonstration of National Biscuit Company package goods, and will sell on that day only,

Three 10c Packages for 25c

ROYAL PALACE COFFEE

will be served, and we will sell one package only to a customer for 25c.
Regular price, 30c.

WE INVITE YOU TO COME

R. J. DUNHAM

TWICE A YEAR

The interest will be credited on your Savings Account at the rate of - - - 3½% NO ATTENTION BOTHER WORRY

Whether you are present or absent; whether you look after it or not, your account is credited with the interest just the same.

BEGIN TO-DAY Dollar Deposits Welcome

THE BEST ACCOUNT FOR INACTIVE FUNDS IN TIOGA COUNTY

Tioga County Savings & Trust Co.

The Style-Craft Store

HOUSE CLEANING SALE
of the World's Greatest House Dresses

WE are coming to the rescue of women who are about to start out on their annual HOUSE CLEANING task, by holding a Sale of the World's Famous "Electric" Brand House Dresses. They are wonders of service and their fit and quality have never been equalled at their prices.

They will stand the wear and tear of housework, the soil and stain of dust and dirt and when they are washed they will be restored to all their original freshness without fading their colors. Best of all, though these dresses are ideal for household wear, they are so chic and dainty in style that they may be worn in the parlor, on your porch or even on the street, with full assurance that you are becomingly and fashionably attired.

SALE BEGAN APRIL 28th
and Continues for One Week Only

$1, $1.25, $1.50, $2.00, $3.00
Priced to Fit Pocket-Books of All Women

The Electric House Dresses Are Made With

The Deep Hem.—Extra Wide Over Hip.—Comfortable and Roomy Arm Holes.—Fine Even Stitching with Strong Thread.—Center Back Seam of Skirt Taped to Prevent Sagging.—Double Stitched Welt Shoulder Seams.—Well Made, Smooth Finished Button Holes.—Sixteen Stitches to Hold Each Button.—Made in a Clean and Sanitary Factory.—Not made by Child Labor.

MATHERS & MARCH
WELLSBORO, PA.

The Gazette.

WELLSBORO, PA.

FRANK CONEVERY · Editor and Owner

THURSDAY, APRIL 29, 1915.

POLITICAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.

For President Judge.

To the Voters of Tioga County:—I hereby announce myself as a candidate for the office of Judge of the several Courts of Tioga county, subject to the provisions of the Non-Partisan Act of July 24, 1913.
S. F. CHANNELL.

To the Voters of Tioga County: I hereby announce my candidacy for the nomination for Judge of the Court of Common Pleas of Tioga County, on the Non-Partisan Judicial ballot at the Primary Election to be held September 21, 1915.
FRANK H. ROCKWELL.

I hereby announce myself as a candidate for the office of Judge of the several Courts of the Fourth Judicial District, comprising Tioga County, subject to the decision of the voters at the Primary Election, September 21, 1915.
THOMAS A. CRICHTON.

To the Voters of Tioga county: I hereby announce myself as a candidate for the office of Judge of the several Courts of Tioga county, subject to the decision of the voters, at the Primary Election, Sept. 21, 1915.
DAVID CAMERON.

The following named persons have announced as candidates for the offices specified below, subject to the decision of the Democratic voters of Tioga county at the primary election:

For County Commissioner,
SAMUEL O. PUTNAM, Covington.

For County Auditor,
FRANK E. REINWALD, Gaines.

The following named persons have announced as candidates for the offices specified below, subject to the decision of the Republican voters of Tioga county at the primary election:

For County Treasurer,
OTIS H. EVANS, Wellsboro.

For Register and Recorder.
WILLIAM S. WOODHOUSE, Wellsboro.

For County Commissioner,
REUBEN E. CLEVELAND, Mansfield.
ROBERT THOMPSON, Morris.

The following named persons have announced as candidates for the offices specified below, subject to the decision of the Washington Party voters of Tioga county at the primary election:

For County Treasurer
FRED H. NILES, Charleston.

INTIMIDATING THE PRESS.

The newspapers of this country have fortunately thus far enjoyed entire liberty in criticising public men and public measures, in expressing their opinions upon acts of legislation and administration and the conduct of the men responsible for them. Their opinion is very apt to be that of the public whose interests they endeavor to represent and which they must represent to receive the support of the public. This liberty is one of the chief safeguards of our free institutions and our form of popular government. Of late a certain class of politicians, particularly those connected with the National Government, have shown a disposition to resent this freedom of discussion and criticism and try to discredit the newspaper press and impair its influence.—New York Journal of Commerce.

According to Harrisburg reports the Legislature is proposing to create a commission and expend $50,000 to find out whether the State wants a new constitution or not. The way to find out about that is to let the people vote on it. A quicker, less expensive and more satisfactory decision can be had that way.—Philadelphia Press.

It is stated that half of the automobiles in the United States are owned by farmers, who use them for pleasure and for marketing crops. Last year the number of automobiles in the United States increased at the rate of more than 55,000 a month. It is estimated that there are more than two million in use representing an investment of about $1,500,000,000.

The House at Harrisburg on Tuesday passed by a vote of 164 to 6 the Spangler traction engine bill backed by a number of manufacturers and farmers. The bill would cut the present licenses in half and create two classes of machines. One class would include all hauling machines, which cannot exceed 32,000 pounds, and for whose operation permits from State or local highway authorities must be obtained. The other class comprises agricultural machinery.

OUTRAGING DEMOCRACY.

Instances are indeed rare where men by some fortunate move have attained a commanding position and then by their conduct in a few short months brought humiliation and defeat upon themselves and their party. Such is the history of A. Mitchell Palmer, late Congressman who could not size up to leadership but proved himself a veritable Democratic bull in a china shop. And all because Palmer ceased to be Democratic. He placed himself at the head of a machine which was built up and kept in running order by the co-operation of ambitious office seekers. Palmer was boss and invested with power. He could "reward," but none would be recognized save the faithful to the machine. And though elected as a Representative of the people he was only satisfied as a boss and in the manipulation of machine politics. He measured Democrats not by long and faithful service to party but by fidelity to his machine. His idea of harmonizing the party was to show the opposing factions no consideration whatever and to [illegible] "good" by persecution. This [illegible] atic policy only brought [illegible] to himself and widened [illegible] in the party. He is now [illegible] President, evi[illegible] he can do [illegible] a [illegible] of the U. S. C[illegible] of C[illegible] head by [illegible] most of the offices handed out to Palmer "faithfuls," the machine has become very rickety and is rapidly going to pieces. But what matters it? the mischief has been done. The true and tried Democrats have been cast aside and the offices given to the following of machine rule. If this is Democracy and pleasing to Democrats, who will support the party how? Outraged Democracy will assert itself when the time comes.—Bradford Star.

DONT GET OVER-CONFIDENT.

The general public is probably not aware that Dr. Fred G. Davis, the editor-dentist of the Blossburg Herald, is an aspirant for postmaster at Blossburg, which accounts for the mollycoddling and throwing of bouquets at Billy Wilson, the dispenser of federal appointments in this congressional district.

"Doc" is a good fellow all right, all right, but he is not a Democrat. Still, we must frankly confess that during the three congressional campaigns in which Wilson was in the race Davis accomplished more as a vote-getter and in advancing the interests of Wilson generally than the entire bunch of Democratic highbinders in this county. In fact, Davis can be credited with having accomplished even more than the man "Who made Billy Wilson what he is"—and that's going some, believe me.

Still the Gazette feels confident in predicting that Davis will never win out in the contest for postmaster at Blossburg, no matter how deserving he may be. Wilson has not the courage of his convictions to endorse him. Since Wilson became a "Misfit member of the Cabinet" he has become a political, if not a moral, coward. He dare not turn down Michael J. Birmingham, the logical applicant for the position.

William B. Wilson is an ingrate! The Gazette man coddled and played to him—an act which humiliated the writer more than any other one thing in the course of his life—and overlooked the faults and ignorant breaks of a victim of circumstances, nothing more or less. But a man of Wilson's calibre has no more appreciation or gratefulness for what might be done for him than a brass monkey, or any other monkey for that matter.

"Doc" you'll get it—where the chicken got the axe—in the neck. Put that in your pipe and smoke up!

UPON WHAT MEAT?

More Food for Thought for Wilson's Blossburg Herald.

(From Williamsport Sun, Dem.)

Some persistent enemy must surely be following Secretary of Labor William B. Wilson and attempting to have the government force upon him a large seven passenger automobile and an electric limousine for use when it is too much trouble to crank up the big car. Much of the time of the House was taken up in arguing upon this point, and there was also the question of these same two automobiles for the same individual that came up last year, immediately after the Cabinet was formed and Congress had been assembled in special session to dispose of the tariff and some minor matters. All of which shows a persistence in some quarters that makes the proverbial pup with a root like a rank quitter. But it's one thing to lead a horse to water and another to make him drink.

They may succeed in forcing these automobiles on Billy, but will they ever get him to use them? Jeffersonian simplicity was a fine point with him when he was running for Congress in this district, but a few short years ago, and it is scarcely likely that Washington has spoiled him so soon. That old campaign suit he wore, and the corn cob pipe that came out as regularly as the nomination came around, are not compatible with two government owned and government operated automobiles, and leads inevitably to the conclusion that Wilson himself is not pressing for these luxurious vehicles.

If, perchance, he is, then the representative from Texas is directly in order in his criticism of official extravagance. If Wilson is demanding two automobiles for his private or even official use, it of necessity follows that the government is also to be saddled with their up-keep and maintenance; it means that other officers of equal or greater station are treated just as generously, and the whole forms a commentary on where we are drifting, wholly incompatible with Jeffersonian simplicity or simplicity of any other kind.

As Representative Dies asks, if automobiles, why not yachts? If yachts, why not airships It is extremely disappointing to find extravagance of such pronounced type existing in the midst of promises of economies that were apparently so sincere. More power to the protesting voice from Texas.

Millions for the Movies.

The sum of $275,000,000 is spent in this country every year on moving pictures—merely to see them, not to make them. There is an investment of $120,000,000 in the theatres where they are shown. A film that provides entertainment for an evening costs $15,000 to $30,000 to produce. Those who flock to the motion picture houses to witness the finished product—and it is estimated that the attendance is 11,000,000 a day—do not, as a rule, appreciate the conditions that make the production of an elaborate play upon the screen a costly venture. The leading "film favorites" command prodigious salaries. The accessories are often as sumptuous as the properties of an opera or a handsomely mounted drama. The number of supernumeraries required is frequently enormous. When the stage-setting is all outdoors, the magnificent dimensions are likely to call for a commensurate outlay.—Public Ledger.

—Minor T. Jones, aged 17, and Madeline Hungerford, aged 18, students of the High School at Horseheads, N. Y., eloped last Wednesday and were married in William[illegible]. The couple got a marriage li[illegible] both [illegible] aged 21 [illegible] old.

INDUSTRIAL HOME FOR WOMEN.

Big Tract at Muncy Purchased By State and Plan Is Ready.

Plans for the building of the proposed State Industrial Home for Women, near Muncy, Lycoming county, have now been completed and ground for the institution will be broken within a few weeks.

The proposed institution will be one of the most unique in the country. The aim of the Industrial Home will be to prevent young offenders from becoming hardened criminals by association with reformers and will, to a certain extent, correspond to that in the Glen Mills School for Boys. Care will be taken to segregate the vicious from the innocent by classification of the inmates according to their mental and moral condition. Each person will receive the rudiments of an English education and in such manual training as may be useful when she is discharged.

The site selected by the board at Muncy consists of 500 acres of farm land and there the women will be given every opportunity to remold their lives and become useful citizens of the State. It is the plan of the Board to erect an institution capable of housing and caring for 250 women. These will be placed in cottages with a capacity of 25 inmates each. There will be a school building, of course, and a large administration building. A small hospital will be erected in the group and additional buildings will be constructed from time to time as the needs of the institution shall require.

The Legislature has already appropriated $250,000 to provide for the purchase and improvement of the site and the equipment of the buildings. On the farm purchased by the Board are thousands of tons of red and gray sandstone, and this will be used exclusively on the exterior of the group of buildings. In this way thousands of dollars will be saved.

The contract system of labor will not exist in any form in the Industrial Home, but the inmates shall be employed solely by the Commonwealth. A record shall be kept of each prisoner at the Industrial Home, setting forth her name, age, nativity, nationality, date of admission, the offense for which she was committed, and such facts concerning the life and the social influences and temptations which surrounded her as can be obtained from herself and from other sources, either at the time of her admission or later; likewise any further facts which may be directed by the Board of Public Charities.

The board of managers may fix upon a uniform plan, under a system of marks or otherwise, whereby it shall be determined what number of favorable marks or credit may be earned by each prisoner as a condition of increased privilege, or of release from confinement. She will be credited for good personal demeanor, and diligence in labor and study, and shall be charged for derelictions, negligence and offenses. The account of her favorable marks or credit, and of the charges against the same, shall be made known to her as often as once a month; and provision will be made by which any inmate may see and converse in private with at least one of the managers during every month, if she so desires.

HEADACHE AND ITS CAUSES.

Pain Is Usually Brought About By Disturbance Other Than in Head.

Headache is an important signal in the natural "safety first" series of the human anatomy. Only infrequently are headaches due to any trouble in the head itself, but, as a rule, they result from a disturbance elsewhere in the body, and they should receive immediate attention from a physician.

Dr. Samuel G. Dixon, the State Commissioner of Health, in discussing indicates several of the numerous causes that any one who has recurrent headache should consult a physician at once. Doctor Dixon says:

"Headache is one of the most common ailments. Almost every one, even people in comparatively good health, are subject from time to time to this malady. Because it manifests itself in more or less the same form and general locality, the majority of people are want to believe that the source of the difficulty is located in the cranium itself. This is rarely the case.

"The causes of headache are numerous and cannot be removed by the use of smelling salts, ice bags, cold towels and headache powders. Headache may come from defective tooth or eyes, from acute digestive disturbances, from a sluggish action of the liver and intestinal canal, long continued irritation of the nasal cavities, high blood pressure or other causes as widely varied as those mentioned.

"Constantly recurring headaches may also be manifestations of profound systemic disturbances of some other part of the body which demands medical attention. The cause, more serious than the headache itself should be found and cured. Often the immediate cause of headache is the overstimulation of the heart.

"Undue heart stimulation accompanies a number of organic disturbances and results in abnormally high blood pressure in the brain; the majority of the headache remedies which are offered for sale contain some powerful heart depressant, which brings temporary relief.

"There is always danger, however, in the use by a layman of any drug which is sufficiently strong to have this result when there is some weakness of the heart. These headache cures do not correct the real cause of the disturbance.

"Serious or even fatal results may come from constant use and they cannot effect a cure. Any one subject to recurring headaches should consult a physician that the cause may be determined before any treatment is given."

For Dandruff

There is nothing better than a shampoo with Glenn's Sulphur Soap. Contains 30% pure sulphur. Healing, [illegible]g, purifying. Sold by druggists

GIVEN THE "WATER CURE."

Excellent Results Follow Injection of Water Into Arms of Dope Victims.

Pleading pitifully for morphine, a number of drug victims at the Altoona hospital have been given a new lease on life since physicians introduced sterile water as a psychic remedy. As demonstrated in the treatment provided by the hospital medicos, it is proven that the mind over matter theory is particularly noticeable among users of opiates, now frequently transformed into raving maniacs when unable to obtain the drugs to which they are addicted.

A simple "shot" of water, injected in the arm of the patient, has in every case brought almost instant relief, both physically and mentally. While the victim's cheeks remain as sunken as ever and the eyes are lustreless, there is not the distress after the "shot" has been administered as before.

Believing that morphine has been injected, the victims show rapid signs of brightening and the look of general hopelessness is banished through the new treatment. Sterile water has been used on hundreds of occasions since March 1, at the city and county hospitals, when men and women in the "habit-breaking" section of the institutions became nearly wild with their cravings.

There is one case in particular, it was stated at the Altoona hospital, in which a woman, still young, is making rapid progress with the aid of the "water cure." When first admitted her shrieks for morphine resounded through the institution. Then the substitution "shots" were introduced and her condition is rapidly improved.

It is declared that only one out of twenty injections made in patients' arms contains the genuine drug. On some days the patients beg for only one "shot" and this is sterile water. From present indications, it is believed that the crisis in the city and vicinity among drug victims as a result of the anti-narcotic law, is about passed although the suffering will not abate for many weeks.

ESSAY ON LIMBURGER CHEESE.

A Boy Relates His Experience With a Hunk of This Fragrant Article

We are indebted to an exchange for the following humorous account of a boy's experience with a piece of limburger cheese:

"Mother sent me to pay a bill at the grocer's last Saturday. The boss behind the counter made me a present of something wrapped in a piece of silver paper, which he told me was a piece of limburger cheese. When I got outside the shop I opened the paper, and when I smelt what was inside I felt tired. I took it home and put it in the coal shed. In the morning I went to it again. It was still there. Nobody had taken it. I wondered what I could do with it. Father and mother were getting ready to go to church. I put a piece in the back pocket of father's pants and another piece in the lining of ma's muff.

"I walked behind when we started for church. It was beginning to get warm. When we got in church father looked anxious and mother looked as if something had happened. After the first hymn mother told father not to sing again but to keep his mouth shut and breathe through his nose. After the prayer perspiration stood out on father's face, and the people in the next pew to ours got up and went out.

"After the next hymn father whispered to mother that he thought she had better go out and air herself. After the second lesson some of the church wardens came around to see if there were any stray rats in the church. Some more people near our pew got up and went out, putting their handkerchiefs up to their noses as they went out. The parson said they had better close the service and hold a meeting to discuss the sanitary condition of the church.

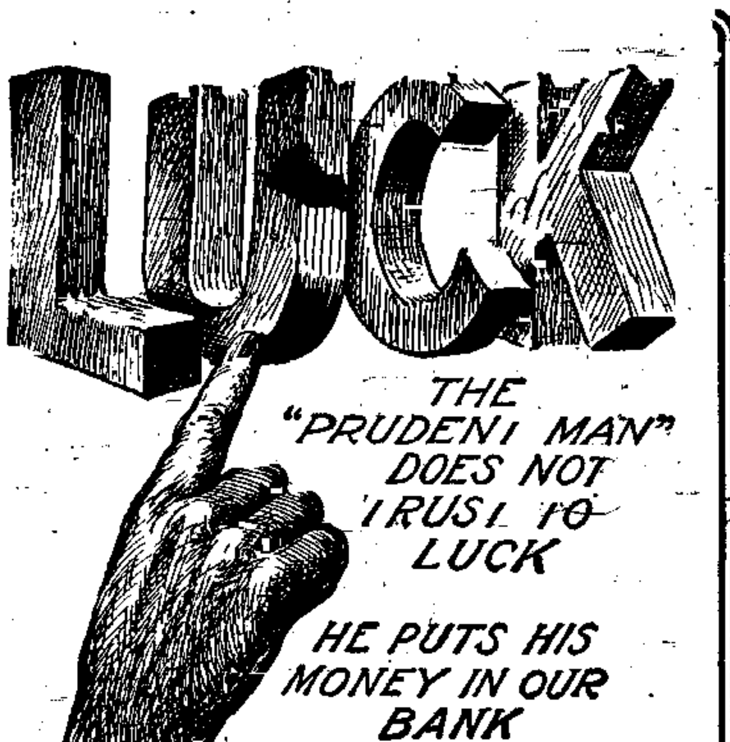
"Father told mother they had better go home one at a time. Mother told father to go the nearest way home and disinfect himself before she came. When they got home, they both went into the front room, but did not speak for some time. Mother spoke first and told father to put the cat out of the room as she thought it was going to be sick. It was sick before father could get it out. Mother then turned around, and noticed that the canary was dead. Mother told father not to sit so near the fire, as it made matters worse. Father told mother to smother herself. Mother said that she thought that she was smothered already.

"Just then the servant came in and asked if she should open the windows, as the room smelt very close. Father went up stairs and changed his clothes, and had a hot bath. Mother took father's clothes, and offered them to a tramp, who said, 'Thanks, kind lady, they are a bit too high for me.' Mother threw them over the fence into the canal. Father was summoned afterwards for poisoning the fish.

"Mother went to bed. Father asked her if she had been fumigated. Just then father had a note sent to him. Father came to wish me 'Good night' at 10 o'clock in the evening, with a note in one hand and a razor strop in the other. I got under the bed. The people next door thought we were beating carpet in our house. I cannot sit down comfortable yet. I had given my little sister what I had left of that limburger cheese. I thought it a pity to waste it. So then I went to see an old respected friend."

—At the Mansfield Model School a plot of ground more than an acre in extent has been set aside for instruction in intensive farming.

—Richard Quick died last Thursday at Mansfield, aged 64 years. He is survived by two daughters, Mrs. Peter Deneef, of Elmira, and Mrs. Sherman Rymple, of Detroit, Mich.; also five sons—Ezra, Ernest and Harry, of Elmira, Clarence, of Buffalo, and Charles, of Detroit.



The CAREFUL man—the man who takes no long chances—is the one who will win out over the man who goes blindly into things and trusts to "luck." Nothing can stop the success of a man who keeps sober, works hard and regularly BANKS a part of his income from his labor or his business. Is it not better to have your money and keep your balance GROWING—than to trust to DANGEROUS "luck"?

Make OUR Bank YOUR Bank

We Pay 3½% Interest in Our Savings Dept.

First National Bank

OF WELLSBORO, PA.

The Oldest and Strongest Bank in Northern Pennsylvania

Specials for Saturday, May 1

No Mail or Telephone Orders Filled
Meet Your Friends at Our Counters

LADIES' SHIRT WAISTS—Of white barred lawn, medium low neck, ¾ sleeves, embroidery trimmed. Of flowered lace cloth, in blue and lavendar colorings, medium low neck ¾ sleeves, collar and cuffs of white lawn. Your choice (On sale from 10 a. m. until 7 p. m.) None sold after 7 p. m. **25c**

COLGATE'S TALCUM POWDER—Per can (Not over two to a customer) (On sale from 10 a. m. until 7 p. m.) **10c**

NEPONSET FLOOR COVERING—Used in place of Linoleum, wears and looks as well but is not affected by water and will not rot like linoleum. Two yards wide, in tan and brown design, good pattern. Special per yard (On sale from 10 a. m. until 7 p. m.) **59c**

$1.25 VELVET RUGS—Sizes 27x54, good quality Velvet Rugs, floral and animal patterns, each (On sale from 10 a. m. until 7 p. m.) **89c**

REGULAR 25c QUILLS—For hats, all colors, each (On sale from 10 a. m. until 7 p. m.) **5c**

MEN'S WORK SHIRTS—Khaki or blue with white stripe, a good assortment of sizes, each (Not over two to a customer.) (On sale from 10 a. m. until 7 p. m.) **25c**

MISSES' AND LADIES' $2.50 to $3.50 SHOES—Misses' gun metal, high-top and ladies' patent leather shoes, small sizes only, values $2.50 to $3.50 per pair (On sale from 10 a. m. until 7 p. m.) **98c**

LADIES' PETTICOATS—Of blue and white striped gingham, draw-string top, plain ruffle, good width, each (On sale after 7 p. m. only.) **25c**

WHITE RUFFLED MULL CURTAINS—2½ yards long, 50c and 75c values, per pair (On sale after 7 p. m. only.) **29c**

MENS' COTTON HOSE—Our regular 10c blue and brown mixed hose per pair (On sale after 7 p. m. only.) **7c**

CHILDREN'S $1.75 and $2.00 SHOES—Cloth and leather tops, broken sizes, $1.75 and $2.00 values, per pair (On sale after 7 p. m. only.) **50c**

Winner of the Word Contest

To make the most words out of the letters in "It Pays to Trade at Bernkopf's—The Booster Store."

Leroy F. Manning wins first prize, 42 piece Dinner Set and 10,000 Coupons, for making 12,587 words
Mrs. H. L. Evans, 2nd prize 8,000 Coupons for 10,321 words
Miss Ella M. Statts, 3rd prize 6,000 Coupons for 10,025 words
Mrs. Winifred Benson, 4th prize 4,000 Coupons for 9,808 words
Miss Lanie Dale, 5th prize 2,000 Coupons for 6,421 words
Mrs. Albert Erway was 6th with 5,953 words
Harry Butler was 7th with 5,536 words
Mrs. L. F. Corwin was 8th with 5,231 words
Miss Mary Kennedy was 9th with 4,437 words
Mrs. Mary Ely was 10th with 4,091 words

Bernkopf Store Wins $50.00 Prize

Max Bernkopf & Brother received word last Thursday that they had been awarded the Second Prize of $50.00 in the Fashion Fete Contest conducted by the H. W. Gossard Company, manufacturers of Gossard Corsets, at Chicago, Ill.

Early this Spring the Gossard Company sent notices to all their agents, which include all the most prominent merchants in all prominent cities of the United States and foreign countries, that they were awarding fifteen prizes, amounting to $800, for the best photographs and description of Spring Openings or Displays of Fashions.

The Bernkopf Store submitted photos and detailed description of their recent fashion show, as described in our issue of March 30th and the eminent judges at Chicago awarded the second prize to the Bernkopf Store.

In their letter the Gossard Company state: "The photographs that you sent us show very careful thought on your part and a spirit and interest in advanced merchandise ideas which is very credible for a store of your size in your town."

BOOSTER CLUB NOTES

Miss DOROTHY LENT

was the best Booster last month and wears the gold watch. Who will win the next? It will be given to the individual not having won one, or who is not a relative of a winner, who casts the most votes in the Booster Club Ballot Box from the count of Monday, April 26th, to the count of Monday, May 24th.

For each list of articles that we sell handed in in person we shall give fifty Booster Coupons free, even though the list contains no more than three names of articles, and to the one making the most complete list, 10,000 coupons and a 42-piece Dinner Set. See the fuller explanation given on the poster at our store. The list will be decided by a local committee.

CAN YOU SOLVE IT?

What six numbers in the square equal 41?

Any number may be used as often as you like.

3	17	5
9	7	15
13	1	11

$10.00 Worth of Merchandise and 10,000 Booster Coupons

will be given FREE if you are able to present to us a sheet of paper with any six of the above numbers which add up to 41.

One hundred Booster Coupons will be given to every person over 12 years of age who adds up six numbers to equal 35 or more on a sheet of paper and presents it at the Booster Store. Use your brain and your pencil. Help your Booster friends by handing in a solution. ALL SOLUTIONS must be in not later than Saturday night, May 8th.

Silverware won by Club of—
Miss Dorthy Lent, 22 pieces.
Miss Esther Mulford, 11 pieces.

MUSICAL PROGRAM

TUESDAY
4 to 5—Miss Schieffelin, Piano; Hazel Harkness, Solo.
WEDNESDAY
4 to 5—Mae Thornton, Piano; Mrs. Neva Randall, Solo.
SATURDAY
2 to 3—Mrs. Wm. Whiting, Piano; Frank Saxton, Violin.
7:30 to 9:30—Frank Rogi, Mandolin and Guitar; Fred Rogi, Violin, and others.

Following is the Standing of Boosters at Close of Business, Monday, April 26th:

Miss Eva L. Reese	1	Mrs. Jessie Wilcox	9
Miss Dorothy Lent	2	Miss Madeline Newell	10
Master Lloyd Evans	3	Miss Mae Thornton	11
Miss Esther Mulford	4	Mrs. Arthur Everetts	12
Miss Hazel Dewey	5	Master Harry Butler	13
Mrs. Myron Bailey Jr.	6	Miss Mary Hall	14
Miss Florence Stratton	7	Miss Ella Buck	15
Mrs. Henry Keck	8		

It pays to trade at Bernkopf's

THE BOOSTER STORE

THE TRI-STATE MEET

By MARTHA WHEELER

opyright. The Frank A. Munsey Company.

When Gloria Kane, only child of the olitical boss of a Western state, deided to go to college, she selected Voodbridge partly bcause it was so ar from home. At home she suffered rom the notoriety attaching to her ather's name. Not that she believed hat his enemies said of him. She new that Abraham Lincoln had been nisrepresented, and she thought that 'imothy Kane's public service put im into Lincoln's class. Her mother ad died at Gloria's birth, and the irl lavished all her love and worship n her father.

It was presidential year. At Woodridge, on the morning after election ay, Jessica Radnor, looking up from newspaper whose head-lines she was kimming, laughingly inquired:

"By the way, Gloria, is this Boss ane any relation of yours? He's rom the same state, I see."

"My father is Mr. Timothy Kane." loria spoke the name with the air of patriot flinging a banner to the reeze.

"Oh!" murmured Jessica.

The door opened and Susy Pratt ished in.

"Say, Gloria," she began, "when ou're speaking of disreputable characters it's just as well to put on the oft pedal. Out in the hall just now ne of the boys heard your voice, and sked me how Boss Kane managed to et solid with the co-eds. I told him e wouldn't have a man like that on e premises, and—"

Jessica shot a warning glance at usy Pratt.

"You don't understand. It's her faer Gloria was referring to."

The warning glance was lost.

"And her father has the same name that Democrat that's mixed up with very crooked deal out West? Well, loria, you have my sympathy! Can't ou make your father appeal to the gislature to change his name? The omplications must be awful, with that ther man at large and the newspaers full of him." She laid her hand aressingly on Gloria's shoulder.

Gloria, her head raised high and the olor flaming in her cheeks, flung off usy's hand and faced her like a ueen.

"You leave my father alone! He's e best man on earth. These vile ewspapers—"

Her voice broke on the word and she d from the room. In consternation e girls gazed after her, and then ared at one another helplessly. For moment no one spoke. Susy sank own on a divan and buried her face n her hands; suddenly she looked up nd solemnly declared:

"The next time I come to earth I'm oing to be deaf and dumb!"

This broke the spell. One or two rls giggled nervously at the picture usy's words called up, and all of em tried to comfort her.

"You didn't mean to," they reiterad, till Susy turned on them.

"Of course I didn't mean to! I ouldn't have done it for anything in is world, but it's done, all the same. have broken Gloria's heart. That rl just idolizes her father. Kane n't an unusual name, you know; rom what she said I took it for grantl he was a philanthropist, and never ice suspected him for that notorious oss Kane."

"But you can apologize," insisted omebody.

Susy slowly shook her head. "If I ad copied her best gown I could apolgize, but in a case like this—" She ung out her hands in a despairing esture.

Thereafter Gloria avoided the girls much as possible and devoted herlf to her college work. From the art she took high rank in all her udies, but in declamation she was ceptional. When she stepped upon e stage at the Saturday morning etorical excercises, she left behind e shyness that ordinarily affected er. She was perfectly at home, her esence was commanding, and with e first words she spoke her listeners cognized that here was a born orar.

Woodbridge stood much in need of nber of this sort. One hundred years fore, the university had inaugurad the Tri-State Meet, which still reained the foremost oratorical event Northern New England, but Woodidge herself, the oldest as well as e smallest of the six universities in e group, had never since ante-belm days carried off a prize. Now, ademic wiseacres predicted that in e tall young co-ed from the Pacific ope she had at last a champion to n new laurels for her brow.

By unanimous vote of the commite, Gloria Kane was chosen to reprent Woodbridge at the approaching eet. For weeks before the contest e whole college watched Gloria with e anxious scrutiny that in other comunities is bent upon the football am. Here there was no squad of alwart giants to share the responility, here there were no substitutes to, mayhap at the eleventh hour, ght turn defeat to victory, everying depended on one girl.

Co-education had never been popular Woodbridge, but whatever chagrin e male students may have felt in e committee's choice was for the oment sunk in the larger claim of llege spirit, while to the girls the nor conferred on them for the first ne was a triumph in itself.

"Oh, Gloria, win, win!" cried Susy att. "Win, if it's only to beat the ys!"

"I have a better reason than that," id Gloria. "My father is coming to ar me speak."

The day set for the Tri-state Meet s ushered in by the worst storm of e winter. Fortunately, the contests had arrived the day before; but t so all the guests, and anxiety pra lled lest those from a distance ould not be in time. This anxiety anged into something graver w[illegible] rly in the afternoon, news came of a[illegible] ident to the Moni[illegible] [illegible] but it w[illegible] [illegible]

rumor was verified, but by this time the blizzard had cut down the wires, and no list of the dead and wounded was obtainable. Gloria's father was due in Woodbridge by this train.

As soon as Susy heard the news she went straight to Gloria. The Western girl was strangely tranquil and dry eyed, but one look at her face told Susy that she knew. With a cry Susy threw her arms around Gloria, and, stumbling in darkness, led her to a seat.

"Oh, if we could only do something!" moaned Susy.

"There's nothing to do but wait," said Gloria.

Susy nodded mutely, and there fell between them a sudden, conscious silence that was eloquent. At last the visitor plucked up all her courage.

"I told my father about what I said the day after election, and he declared that I was an ignorant girl who read nothing but the head lines of partisan newspapers. Public men, he said were often unfairly attacked, and people who really knew your father's character admired and honored him. I wanted to tell you this before, but I was afraid to bring up the matter after wounding you so cruelly. I did explain to all the other girls, and they understand." She paused a moment, and then pleaded "Mayn't I sit here with you this evening, Gloria?"

Gloria lifted her white face. "Do you think I am going to desert?" she asked very quietly. "My father never was a quitter. He was always at the front, fighting for what he believed was right, and his daughter must not shirk. How long this suspense will last no one can tell, but the best way to meet"—there was a treacherous throb in Gloria's voice—"what is coming is to do my best tonight for Woodbridge, as my father expected me to do."

A log in the fireplace fell gently; the room was very still. In contrast to the fury af the storm outside. Susy rose to go, for she divined that Gloria wished to be alone.

In the intermission of the evening exercises, when three of the six speakers had been heard the hall buzzed with talk. Gloria's place was fifth on the program. Unmindful of the voices all around her, she sat staring straight ahead when some one tapped her on the shoulder and she heard the words:

"Miss Kane, you're wanted right away."

The messenger was a stranger to Gloria; she could not see his face, and his tone gave no clue as to what the message meant. As in a dream she followed him through the crowded hall; the door seemed miles away, and receding farther with every step she took. At last she reached it, and, just outside, she gave a little lurch and fell into her father's arms.

Of the fourth speech Gloria did not hear a word. She was laughing and crying over her father in an anteroom, and getting piecemeal the story of his miraculous escape from death. Timothy Kane had not escaped unharmed. His back was badly wrenched, but against the doctor's orders, with injuries unattended to, he had insisted on continuing the journey to Woodbridge.

Presently the messenger stuck his head inside the door.

"They're waiting for you now, Miss Kane," he said.

The girl looked at her father. "I am ready!"

That Gloria Kane's father was a passenger by the ill-fated train was known to many in the audience when the exercises began. The news of his arrival spread in her absence from the hall, and when she returned, her father limping by her side, the Woodbridge sympathizers burst into a cheer. The presiding officer advanced to the front of the platform and raised a warning hand.

"There must be no demonstration," he declared.

Gloria's natural gift of eloquence was tonight enriched by the experiences through which she had just passed. In her voice was something that went home to every heart. She was the representative of Woodbridge University, but in the last analysis speaking for him alone who had always been her idol, and who had so narrowly escaped death on his way to her.

It was intoxicating—this intense stillness that waited on her words, this rapt gaze from the sea of faces in which only one stood out distinctly, this consciousness that she dominated the vast audience; but it made her humble, too, and when her work was done and the thunder of applause had died away she slipped her hand into her father's and two big tears trickled down her cheeks.

The pent-up feeling of the audience burst forth when the chairman announced the judges' verdict that the first prize of the contest had been won by Woodbridge University. Through the excited throng Susy Pratt at last made her way to Gloria.

"Won't you introduce me to your father?" The slow color suffused Susy's face. "The girls delegated me to tell him how glad we are he's here."

"Thank you, Susy," said Gloria. "That's the best of all!"

Crown Prince Helps Carry Mail

Berlin, Germany. The popularity of the German Crown Prince is immeasurably increased by such incidents as are related by a correspondent in the following extract from the Vossiche Zeitung:

"Our Crown Prince is the darling of all the soldiers. His straightforward, light hearted mien conquers all hearts, and it is a pleasure to see how he is greeted by his troops. One little episode may interest you. While we were on the way to the trenches an automobile came up and could get no farther, owing to the mud in the road. Two soldiers passed by, heavily laden with postal bags. The Crown Prince ordered them to give some of the sacks to us to carry, and he himself and his adjutant picked up another. You cannot imagine the cheering that broke out from the men when we marched into the trenches, the Crown Prince at our head. 'The Crown Prince has brought us the post himself!' they shouted, and crowded around him to such an extent that I was compelled to shoulder my way through. Not only our troops, but the [illegible]"

Social Amenities for School Girls

Keeping one's temper when playing any game, especially cards or tennis, is not found to be as easy for some girls as might be thought. Of course, one knows from earliest days that it is horrid, not to mention underbred, to be rude and that to contradict is "not nice." Yet, strangely enough, the perversity of cards or balls cast so potently as to cause a girl sometimes to forget all those maxims upon which she has been brought up, and it takes a good deal of self-control not to snap out an unpleasant remark or to prevent making a rather flat contradiction.

Yet, aside from the matter of good looks, if one would relegate such an important matter to an aside, a girl really should make a tremendous effort to hold herself well in hand. Those girls who "get peevish," as the others say, simply because she is not winning at the moment or disagrees with another player makes herself most enormously unpopular. Moreover, she acquires a bad habit. It is astonishing how much habit has to do with the way a girl feels. She can become frightfully out of sorts simply by not caring if she feels badly and allowing others to know the fact, whereas if she exercises self-control, pretending to the virtue of sweetness even if she has it not at the moment, the effort will end by her acquiring it and, incidentally, merit among all who know her.

When it comes to playing games which really are meant for pleasure, not to create the [illegible] feeling which they not to create the ill feeling which they sometimes do, it behooves a girl to remember that one of the marked diffrences between a person whose good breeding is ingrained and she with whom it is merely a veneer is the way she carries herself under irritating circumstances. It is irritating, very, sometimes to keep on a game and lose without ceasing. It not only [illegible] the player appear dull, but it is [illegible] as well; but that is really no reason why one should become disagreeable to the other players. If their skill is greater, or luck is going their way, one must have sufficient good breeding to pretend an interest, even if one has not it at the moment, and to remember that luck is a variable factor, changing at any moment, and that many a rubber is won by the side that has been behind.

There is a girl whose type is by no means uncommon, who always expatiates upon her victory when she is on the winning side. She cannot refrain from audibly congratulating herself and rejoicing that all goes her way. She makes it the subject of conversation between the hands and is what might be called aggressively triumphant.

This type is really more objectionable than the irritating kind, because she is not only rude, but shows as well a certain lack of sympathy and sweetness of nature which is not pleasing. No person prefers to lose and so constantly to call attention to the fact [illegible] are doing so and to openly rejoice in one's own success is [illegible] [illegible] and bad form.

Sweetness of character, quite as much as good breeding, is indicated by the way a game is played, whether one is winning or losing, and a girl who cannot control her temper or temper should either train herself to do so or keep out of games until she can. One unpleasant person at a table or on a court can spoil the enjoyment of all the others, and they would prefer not to play at all than to have that fretful element among them.

As a matter of fact, there is probably no one particular in which good breeding shows more than in self-control. To avoid offending the conventions one must many times appear pleasant when one would rejoice in being snappy, but a girl has only to remember how she herself dislikes a snappy friend, and a check upon her own tongue will be more ready.

To say rude or unpleasant things is inexcusable; if there is a serious situation in which one [illegible] say difficult things to another they should be done quietly and as simply as possible, being finished as quickly as one may. Violence of expression or exaggerated speech must be most scrupulously avoided, no matter what the provocation may be, and at the earliest moment conversation should be turned in another channel, or, if the girl herself is the cause of trouble, she should leave quietly and with dignity.

About Cake

If a cake cracks open while baking it contains too much flour. Use half a cup less next time.

If you want a very fine-grained cake beat well with a silver fork after mixing.

If you want a spongy, light cake use sour milk; if a heavier one, use sweet milk in it.

For a small cake or cookies have a hot oven; for a large, rich cake, a slow oven.

Sift your flour before measuring. Sift the baking powder with it to insure thorough blending.

In making fruit cake add the fruit before putting in the flour and it will not fall to the bottom of the cake. This is better than flouring the fruit, which often leaves unbaked flour clinging to the fruit after is has been baked.

New Market

"I noticed you have taken the cowcatcher off the engine," said the passenger on the rural railroad.

"Yes," replied the conductor with a wink, "we never run over any more cows. Since the farmers have discovered that the automobile owners pay more for killing a cow than the railroads they turn them out on the pike instead of on the tracks."

Child Swallows Long Screw

Adel, Iowa—Clarke Van Meter, 18-months-old son of Wilber Van Meter and grandson of Governor Clarke, swallowed a screw 1½ inches long. He was taken to Des Moines for an operation.

NEW YORK'S HISTORY IN FLAGS

Dutch, English and American Emblems That Have Waved over the City.

The first European visitor to Manhattan island was Henry Hudson who in 1609 sailed up the river now bearing his name. The flag under which he sailed was that of the Dutch East India Company, which was the flag of the United Provinces of the Netherlands, orange, white and blue arranged in three equal horizontal stripes, in the centre of the white stripe being the letters "A. O. C."—Algemeene Oost—Indise Compagnie (General East India Company).

From the time of the discovery no visitor came into these waters of which there is record until 1612, when Manhattan was settled under the East India Company, which continued in possession until 1622 when the government fell into the hands of the West India Company. The flag of the Dutch West India Company was the same as that of its predecessor save that it bore the letters "G. W. C." —Gooestroyeore West-Indese Compagnie (Privileged West India Company).

This was the dominant flag till 1664, when this island was surrendered to the English, and the Union Jack (crosses of England and Scotland) of Great Britain supplanted the tricolor of Holland and the name of New Amsterdam was changed to New York. The Union Jack at present is derived from the union of the three crosses of St. George, St. Andrew and St. Patrick, adopted in 1801, when the act of union with Ireland was passed.

In the month of July, 1673, the Dutch again took possession of the city, which they occupied until November 10, 1674, when by virtue of a treaty of peace between England and Holland the Union Jack again floated over the city.

From this time there was no interruption in the supremacy of the English until the year 1689, when the memorable rule of Leisler, speedily terminated by his death, occurred. He was a warm supporter of William and Mary, and it is possible that, while he held possession of the fort, the flag of William, not then proclaimed King of England, might have floated over New York. But there is no record of this.

Were it so however, it could have been but for a very brief period, and the English flag waved undisputed until the era of the American revolution.

At the beginning of the Revolution here, as in New England, the people although agrieved, were loyal, and upon the same day, June 25, 1775, New York witnessed the double entry of George Washington, just elected by the Provincial Congress General-in-Chief of the American Forces, and on his way to [illegible] and [illegible] Tryon [illegible] [illegible] It was [illegible] [illegible] the English [illegible] New York occurred. [illegible] Liberty poles had been [illegible] down against [illegible] March 21, 1775, a Union flag, with a red [illegible] was hoisted in New York upon the Liberty pole on the Commons bearing the inscription "George Rex and the Liberties of America," and upon the other side "No popery."

The British and Gov. Tryon evacuated New York in 1775, but there is no record which gives any positive date as to the raising of the American flag here.

The city was held by American troops after this event until September 15, 1776, when Washington retreated to Harlem and afterward from the island, and the city was occupied by Sir Henry Clinton, and from that time held by the British until the close of the war. They evacuated the city November 25, 1783. Since then no flag but the Stars and Stripes has waved over the city in token of power and authority.

THE WALLS OG JERICO.

Important Discoveries Being Made by an Australian Professor.

Professor Sellin's excavations on the site of the ancient city of Jericho are yielding unexpectedly rich treasures. In his last letters to the Vienna Academy of Science the professor writes that over a hundred men are digging at five different points.

One of the most interesting finds is the historical city wall, built of burnt lime bricks. It was some ten feet in thickness, rising from a stone foundation. On the western side of the city the wall was nearly forty feet in width. At another point a private house was found built over another house of a still earlier epoch.

Other discoveries include lamps, plates, cups, needles, weights, mortars and mills of bronze and stone, some of very rough and primitive handwork, and others very finely executed. In the inner city remains of rows of houses have been discovered and the ancient Hebrew lettering proves that the old Hebrew characters were in use.

Professor S[illegible] [illegible] to renew the excavating [illegible] winter. In the mean time he says [illegible] the work already done has [illegible] up a wealth of material [illegible] of the [illegible] period [illegible]

In a Texas [illegible] many [illegible] [illegible]

"Gentlemen of the jury, have you agreed upon a verdict?"

"We have," said the foreman.

"What say you? Do you find the prisoner at the bar guilty or not guilty?"

"We do," replied the foreman.

"You do? Do what?" asked the clerk.

"We find the prisoner at the bar guilty or not guilty," said the foreman.

"But, gentlemen, you must explain," said the clerk.

"Of course," responded the foreman. "You see, six of us find him guilty and six of us find him not guilty, and we've agreed to let it stand at that."

EGYPT'S TREASURE TOMBS LOOTED

Priceless Relics Now Shown in London Escaped Plunderers for Five Thousand Years.

THE MOST VALUABLE EVER SEEN

Jewels Which Once Adorned Queens and Princesses of Dynasties Recovered at Last

The many tombs of the rulers of ancient Egypt continue to give up their priceless stores of wonders which five thousand years ago decked the arms and necks of queens and princesses of fabulous dynasties. And for five thousand years and more burglars and body snatchers have been secretly plying their grim trade among the Pyramids and the quarries of Old Nile, pillaging the sarcophagi of the mighty dead until it is a wonder there is anything of value left for the modern eye to feast on.

In spite of all illuminating discoveries are still being made, and some of these are strikingly exemplified in the fascinating exhibition of the latest excavation work of the British School of Archaeology in Egypt, which has just opened at University College, Gower Street. There are many interesting things to see and ponder over, but the most engaging is the treasure of Lahun, which has been triumphantly looted from the mysterious Pyramid by Prof. Flinders Petrie and his energetic little band of workers of the Fayum province.

Many years ago Prof. Petrie cleared part of the temple of the Pyramid, fixing it to Senusert II. of the twelfth dynasty (about 2400 B. C.), and found the entrance. Last year it was determined to make a thorough clearance of this site. It was done. Five tombs of the royal family were found, and all of them had been plundered. But in one of them the burglars missed, by some extraordinary mischance, the chief glory of the royal treasure.

Prof. Petrie, who is a cracksman of greater craft than any brown-skinned Raffles that ever crept across the Saharan sand, found that glory, and the result is that the most valuable group of jewelry that has ever reached Europe is now to be seen here, under a glass case in Gower Street. Though it dates back to nearly 4000 years B. C., it is shining and so fresh that it might have been made yesterday.

The wonderful collection includes a beautiful collar of gold cowries spaced by beads of gold, two bracelets of small balls of gold turquoise and carnelian, four wristlets each ornamented with a pair of lions face to face, a [illegible] pair of [illegible] of 17 rows of [illegible] and carnelian beads [illegible] a great necklace of [illegible] carnelian and [illegible] Attached to this is a [illegible] of Amenemhat III. which Prof. Petrie declares to be the finest known for color of the lazuli and for workmanship.

These treasures were found buried—to quote Prof. Petrie's own words—"in an almost incredible position." On the southern side of the pyramid of Lahun are four pits sunk in the rock leading to chambers which contained burials of the royal family. In one of these chambers the granite sarcophagus had the lid pushed back as far as it would go, and the end partly broken away. "Not a scrap of the burial remained." The tomb had then been deserted and left open.

Meanwhile, in a recess about three feet wide and five feet deep, close to the sarcophagus, there stood two ivory caskets of jewels and vases and large gold crown, all untouched and absolutely perfect. It is marvelous that the plunderers who broke the granite sarcophagus open and destroyed the burial could have overlooked this pile of treasure within a yard of them. From the canopic jars which accompany the jewels in this fine show those who can read these mysteries may learn that this burial was of a royal daughter, Sat Hathor-Ant, the daughter of Hathor of Denderah, and the jewelry shows that she was probably a queen of Amenemhat III.

WOMAN MAKES LIVING BY DROWNING KITTENS

Also Chloroforms Dogs, and Income from Her Queer Profession Is $2,500 a Year.

St. Louis, Mo. Miss Irene Barton of this city has probably the most curious occupation of any person in the world, for she is a professional kitten-drowner. She also chloroforms pet dogs which have become old and infirm or have been injured, cremates their bodies in a thoroughly scientific manner and performs other work of a similar nature, but her specialty is snuffing out one of the nine lives of a cat.

She has a "price list" which enumerates the charges for her work. Her smallest fee for drowning a litter of kittens is 25 cents and she guarantees to do it painlessly at that price.

Miss Barton has plenty of money and does not have to work for a living. She started the unique business because she believed many persons killed undesirable animals by cruel methods, and also that too many homeless kittens were allowed to live, only to starve and spread disease later in their lives. She is said to earn as much as $2,500 per year.

German Sharpshooters Trick French

Paris. Near Montanville, a doctor noticing that many of the men were wounded in the legs and feet by bullets slanting downward, warned the French to look into the trees. Sure enough, German sharpshooters hiding in the branches had put dummies in the trenches which they would lift slightly by means of cords. When the French stood up to shoot at these dummies the German sharpshooters would pick off the French at leisure. The latter lost heavily before the ruse was discovered, but then the Germans began to drop from the trees like squirrels.

OKLAHOMANS AT HOME.

"First Mondays" Are Trade Days Now in Altus Town.

A stranger in the town of Altus the first Monday of each month would be surprised at the large crowd of farmers in the streets engaged in trading and buying horses and other live stock, and marketing their farm products. They come from every direction in the country tributary to Altus, and all day long the streets are filled with the noise of trade. The day is known far and wide as "first Monday," which means simply that it is the first Monday of each month, a day set apart specially for traffic in live stock and such other things as the farmers may wish to buy or sell.

It is supposed that the custom was brought from Texas, where most citizens of Greer county once lived, and of which Greer county formerly was a part. In Texas the first Monday in each month is estray sale day at each county seat, and buyers, sellers and traders attend these sales in great numbers. Naturally, politicians, collectors and selling agents find it expedient to be present because of the greatly increased number of visitors from the country. At Magnum, the seat of Greer county, less attention is paid to first Monday than at Altus, where originally it was known as "horse traders' day."

"The custom is developing at Magnum," said a citizen of that town, "but I think it will require years for it to reach the stage of development it has reached at Altus. The custom has drawn upon politics, business and the gregarious instinct in individuals. You can easily imagine the Texas horse-swapper in deference to the Texas custom, in any convenient town on first Monday looking at the horses tied around the public square, and talking 'horse.' The groups of men and boys at the hitching racks grow larger and larger, drawn not only by business, but by natural fondness for the excitement and banter of such gatherings.

When asked lately about the origin and observance of "first Monday" at Altus, Horace Shepherd, editor of the Altus Times, said:

"Two years ago the two newspaper men of the town undertook to increase the trade area of the town, and decided that certain days should be set apart for certain purposes. The citizens, more especially the business men, took up the idea, and several meetings were held, with the result that the first Monday in each month was traders' day. Every one living in Altus's trade territory was asked to bring to town anything they wished to dispose of, either by trading, selling, 'swapping' or any old way. The business men of the town furnished plenty of good attractions free of charge. The newspapers devoted a certain amount of space to comment [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] the [illegible] advertising space to call attention to bargains [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] a crowd of [illegible] to town.

"It is rare that a crowd [illegible] not served on first Monday. Much of the interest in irrigation in this part of Oklahoma was awakened at meetings held here on first Monday. I know farmers who travel a distance of fifty miles to reach Altus on this day, and in a radius of ten miles of Altus it is rare to find a farmer at home on first Monday. They come to Altus with their families and throng the stores all day."—Kansas City Star.

Doctors Are Poor Patients

"If there is an irritable, unreasonable man on earth it is a half-sick physician," said a physician's wife. "They worry and fret over the slightest ailment and do nothing to better their condition. I guess that would not cause them any alarm in their patients disturbs them greatly in themselves. My husband says it is because physicians know too much. They know how many seemingly innocent symptoms may be serious and how little efficiency there is in medicine. And he says also that a physician cannot doctor himself worth a cent. He must call in a brother doctor.

"My husband has been ailing for two or three days and I tried to make him reasonable the other day by saying: 'Suppose a patient came into your office saying he felt the way you do. What would you tell him to do?'

"'Madame,' said he, firmly, 'I'd tell him to go to blazes.'

"He says it's like a woman being able to fit a dress to another woman and being totally incapable of fitting a gown to herself. A brother physician came in and prescribed some foolish sugar pills and my husband felt better at once. He says he knows it was only a sort of faith cure, but when a physician tries to doctor himself he loses all confidence in his own ability."

Litters Aid to Literature.

The truly literary man has a cleared space about eight inches square on a corner of his desk. In this space he does his writing. The rest of the desk is buried deep under a heap of pressing bills. When a desk looks orderly as a race suicide home the chances are that the owner's literariness is assumed. No litter, no literature.—Newark Evening News.

Jovial Burglar

The burglar was about to leave with his booty.

"You brute," said the housewife, who was trying to sidetrack him, "why are you laughing?"

"Because I never take things seriously."

Prohibition in a Nutshell

WHAT prohibition really prohibits is beer, a true temperance drink, wholesome, nourishing; containing about 3% of alcohol. Beer can't be secretly produced. It can be shipped only in large receptacles but cannot be privately preserved without artificial cooling.

Prohibition does not and can not prohibit ardent stimulants or drinks containing from 40% to 60% of alcohol, producible with ease by one man's work in the smallest back yard of a private dwelling and shipped in small vessels.

There is prohibition in a nutshell. The vilest of adulterations—containing 60% of alcohol taking the place in popular consumption of mild beer and sold in secret blind pigs where beer—teaching its lesson of moderation owing to its greater bulk, cannot elude the eyes of the authorities.

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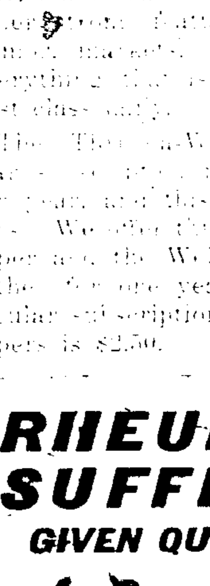

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THE FARMER BOY

Or a Member of the Corn Club

By ASA PATRICK

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SYNOPSIS.

Sam Powell, inspired by a government agent, plans to make a scientific farmer of himself and to compete for prizes awarded to the Boys' Corn club.

Sam works hard cleaning up and fertilizing the wornout farm. Miles Fagan ridicules scientific farming, but lets his boy join the corn club.

While blowing out stumps Sam saves Joe Watson's life. Sam plans his contest acre of corn and other crops and the stocking of his farm with cattle.

He prunes and sprays the old trees of the orchard, improving them greatly, and his successful farming astonishes Miles Fagan and other slow going neighbors.

CHAPTER V.

THE spring and summer—in fact, the whole year was a very busy one for Sam. And it was not less so for Florence and Mrs. Powell. Florence often helped her brother when the work crowded, and Mrs. Powell put in all her spare time in the garden, melon patch and orchard.

On the contest acre Sam was forced to do all the work himself. The rules were strict on this point, and after Sam's patch had been laid off and measured by a committee he himself planted the corn and no one else struck a lick in its cultivation.

Sam's first planting was the Irish potatoes. He bedded up an acre, dragged down the beds almost flat and planted them early in March. Next came the contest acre, and when that was finished he planted four more acres in corn, making five in all, then turned to the cotton.

Next came the cane, and Sam sowed this broadcast and very thick, for he wanted to make hay of it. If the stalks grow large and stiff it doesn't make good hay.

The young farmer wound up the first round of planting by sowing the orchard in rye. His idea was to let no bit of ground lie idle, but to keep something growing on it instead of weeds.

The weed problem was a pretty hard one for Sam, so many had gone to seed on the place. But he determined that not one should make seed this year. So he was the busiest farmer in the whole community. He plowed and hoed constantly, but it was mostly plowing, for Sam soon learned that hoeing is a mighty slow way to kill weeds and grass compared with plowing.

People passing along by the Powell place marveled at the clean, well cultivated little farm. But Sam considered other needs of the crops besides cultivation.

The soil of the place was not nearly so poor as the neighbors had said it was—not even so poor as Sam had thought. The trouble was that the surface of the ground had merely been scratched, and he had remedied this by thorough cultivation. Still the crops lacked something, and he found that each acre had certain qualities. As he studied the farm he began to see that each bit of land was strong in certain ways and weak in others.

There was no time to have soil analysis made this year, but he began to study closely the wild vegetation and trees growing about and to read the bulletins and the book he had bought on "How Crops Grow." It wasn't an easy subject by any means. Sam read and reread the book and finally went over it slowly and studied it page by page. Presently he knew nearly as much about the soil he was cultivating as any expert could have told him. Here is what he learned about soil fertility:

Acid in soil that causes crops to fire and die is indicated by sorrel growing on the land. Acid can easily be detected also by getting a slip of blue litmus paper for a nickel at the drug store and pressing it in a ball of the soil. If it turns red there is acid. An application of lime cures this.

Crops and plants of all kinds are fed by several elements of the soil, but there are three more important than the rest—nitrogen, potash and phosphoric acid.

Nitrogen forms the leaves of plants—that part of the plant body which breathes.

Potash makes the trunk, stalk and tuber of plant or tree.

Phosphoric acid reproduces—sets the blooms and makes abundant seed and fruit.

Sam learned these things from reading. But when he knew them, all he had to do was to look about the farm and learn more things by observation.

Where trees grew or had grown well he knew that potash was plentiful. If leaves were rank, nitrogen was abundant. If flowers formed and fell off the plants before they should he knew the soil needed phosphoric acid.

Finally the young farmer formed what he had learned into nine rules and wrote them down in the back of one of his books, as follows:

"1. Nitrogen (or ammonia) encourages strong leaf, vine and bush growth.

"2. Potash makes firm tuber, bulb and fiber.

"3. Phosphoric acid makes blooms set early and seed pods, form abundantly.

"4. If the wild growth on your farm is [illegible] and your tomatoes and melons [illegible] to be sure your soil is rich in [illegible].

"5. If [illegible] do not thrive, [illegible] of potash.

"6. Potash and phosphoric acid are needed by all fruit and fruit phosphoric acid is called for.

"7. If you expect to take from your land a crop rich in leaf, as lettuce, increase the proportion of nitrogen in your fertilizer.

"8. If potatoes or onions are desired provide plenty of potash.

"9. If abundant corn, wheat, cotton bolls, melons, peaches, strawberries or tomatoes are wanted see to the phosphoric acid."

Sam made use of what he had learned in planting and cultivating his crops. He watched them closely, and if it seemed to him that any of them were not doing well he began to hunt and study out the cause.

Although he had fertilized all of the farm to some extent before plowing, he worked manure into the furrows when he planted his cotton and tried to give everything he planted the food it demanded to do its best. He found out that one good way to apply this food was to sprinkle it on the surface of the ground around the plants and work it in gently with hoe or rake.

Sam made a top application of this kind to his cotton when it was well advanced in the summer. The soil of the contest acre had been well fertilized in the beginning, but Sam didn't want that corn to lack for any of the elements it needed to make two big, long ears to each stalk and sometimes three. He waited until it was just about ready to silk; then he went to town and bought 400 pounds of fertilizer. He had this mixed to suit himself, for he had figured out just what he thought the corn needed—so much nitrogen and so much phosphoric acid. With this fertilizer he went over each row of the acre, sprinkled it around the stalks and worked it into the soil.

Fine as the corn was before, it now showed still further improvement. In a few days it was in full silk, and it seemed to leap up on receiving the stimulating food around its roots. But Sam wasn't through with the acre yet. Every now and then he went over it with a plow, just skimming the surface to break up the crust that commenced to form. One month it was unusually dry, and the young farmer had a chance to see the good effect of this work. His corn kept its dark green color, and by scratching down two inches, just underneath the dust mulch, he found that the soil was perfectly wet.

Underneath the Dust Mulch He Found That the Soil Was Perfectly Wet.

Fagan's corn across the fence was burning and wilting in the sun. Sam climbed over the fence one day and examined the soil. He found it baked hard on top, and when he took his knife and dug a little hole he had to go nearly six inches before he found the slightest moisture.

"That shows what conserving the moisture will do," he said to himself as he went back to his field. "I've plowed this acre a good many times but it's been easy work and didn't take long to do it, because it's in good condition. I may be mistaken, but I believe I'm going to make a lot of corn at mighty little cost on this patch."

Late in the summer, when the corn was almost made and when other farmers had long ago laid by their corn, Sam gave his contest acre a final plowing and sowed black eyed peas broadcast among it as he did so. He had done his best, and it remained to be seen whether other boys in his state could beat him.

But if Sam Powell was through with the one acre he wasn't through work by any means. In fact, he didn't have much time to think about the contest.

CHAPTER VI.

SAM'S well fertilized, well cultivated acre of Irish potatoes surprised the neighbors with the amount it produced. Two hundred [illegible] were what he harvested from the patch, and selling them at 60 [illegible] per bushel, he had $120 to [illegible] for the [illegible]. It [illegible] only [illegible]

pared the land and planted the acre again in June corn.

After that the work came thick and fast. The cane was ready to be cut. He mowed it, let it cure and stacked away two tons of fine hay in the barn. He could have gathered another crop of cane if he had let it remain, but the pumpkin yams must be planted. So he prepared and bedded the ground, and one cloudy day just before a rain he pulled the potato slips from the bed where he had grown them and planted this acre also with a second crop.

The cotton then had to be plowed, and when that was finished the four acre cornfield, in which he was also growing a flourishing crop of pumpkins, was calling for him.

The peach and plum crops were very short this year, owing to a late frost, but the Powell orchard never suffered in this respect. The old trees had a bumper crop. Prices being good, after Mrs. Powell had preserved what she wanted, Sam sold $40 worth of plums and $110 worth of peaches, making a total of $150 income from the fruit, not to mention the preservings for family use.

Early in the winter, before the family moved, Sam had made arrangements with a breeder of a fine strain of Plymouth Rock chickens to get ten sittings of eggs. For these he was to pay $1.50 a sitting. Mrs. Powell already owned a mixed breed flock of fifty hens, but Sam's plan, with which his mother heartily agreed, was to replace the mongrel stock with the thoroughbreds. The first of these sittings were hatched while it was yet cold, and before summer came on, with its excessive heat and insect pests, the whole ten had been brought off and more than 100 thrifty young Plymouth Rocks were running about the farm.

The ample range and shade and the rye sown in the orchard made the income from poultry almost clear profit. Chickens require little feed when they can get green stuff and insects. Besides the Plymouth Rocks Mrs. Powell raised six dozen common breed fryers, which she sold at $3 per dozen, or $18. From the thoroughbred flock, after selecting seventy pullets and five roosters to keep, she sold the culls for $5, roosters at $1 and pullets at 50 cents.

The egg market was very low during the summer months, but even at a few cents a dozen $20 worth were sold this year and the family had all they could consume at home. Finally, in the fall, the old flock of common chickens was sold, bringing 25 cents each or $12.50 in all. Surplus milk and butter from the two cows brought $50 for the year.

But this wasn't all. The acre of watermelons, cantaloupes and vegetables contributed its share. Sam's watermelons were a long white variety, with black seed and blood red meat, sweet as sugar. These melons always brought something above the regular market price. In all the young farmer sold $40 worth of melons and vegetables.

The June corn made a fair crop. Sam sold the roasting ears at one cent each. These brought him $30. Then he cut and cured the stalks for feed. The ground being once more cleared, he plowed, harrowed and planted it in turnips.

Sam found that a little farm of fifteen acres can keep two or three people very busy, especially when the farm is made to hump itself, growing one crop right after another. Hardly a day passed that he or his sister didn't have to drive to town to sell something. Whenever it could be arranged Sam always let Florence go, for then he could be hurrying the heavy work forward.

September came and Florence entered the high school, but Sam, badly as he wanted to begin, found it impossible to do so until after Christmas. However, he began studying at night, and for all the hard work he did he managed to keep pretty close up with his classes.

Late in the fall he dug the acre of sweet potatoes, after stripping off the vines and feeding them to his hogs, and found that he had 150 bushels of "punkin yams." He stored twenty-five bushels for home use and sold the other 125 bushels at $1 per bushel.

Sam Powell never forgot what the government agent told him about seed. When his contest acre was at maturity he went down the rows and tied strings to the stalks that bore the most and the finest ears.

In the same way, also, the young farmer selected his cotton seed. Here and there in the rows he found stalks that were unusually large and perfect in shape. These were generally in some rich place where they had been particularly favored. If they were heavily loaded with bolls and the bolls were large and low down on the stalks, indicating that they would open early, Sam tied white strings on them in conspicuous places.

It may seem that with all this work Sam Powell had little or no time for pleasure or recreation. Such was not the case, however, though he sometimes had to work longer hours than he liked because he was not able to get help.

But Sam had got in the habit of using his mind. He never imitated other people in doing a thing without stopping to think why it was done or if there was a better way. He soon found out that it pays to keep oneself fresh and vigorous. By taking the proper rests and breathing spells and working at certain hours he found that he could do as much or more work in eight hours as in twelve. After that he did not commence work before daylight or quit after dark, as he had been doing. He saw also that it was a good idea to take a half day or a day off now and then.

One of the things that Sam enjoyed a great deal was to ramble through the woods and fields and study nature. He was what is called a nature lover—that is, he never tired of studying trees and flowers and birds and insects and animals. It was a mighty hard matter for him to go after the calves and get back in time for breakfast. It was not more than a quarter of a mile to where the calves were usually found—in a little meadow beyond the creek—but the earlier Sam started in the morning the later he would usually be in returning.

He would get up [illegible] while it was still dark and only the first red streaks of dawn showing in the [illegible]. He would get [illegible] in the [illegible] air and throw out his arms and take deep breaths and walk about the yard for a few minutes; then he would be off suddenly, whistling a lively tune and scattering the dew from the grass and plants with his feet.

He liked to sit down on the creek bank in the dim light of morning and watch the world just waking up. A slight noise from some big treetops told him that crows were leaving their roost. A louder flapping meant buzzards. A splash in the creek announced that a bullfrog was taking his morning bath. Now and then a possum would waddle by or a belated coon returning from his fishing up the creek would stop to eye Sam inquisitively.

Crossing the creek and getting pretty close to the calves, he would stop suddenly again to watch three or four rabbits at their morning romp in the dewy grass. Farther on he might find a strange flower or shrub and study it ever so long, trying to determine the name of it. Sam and Florence were both nature enthusiasts, and there were few flowers or trees the names of which they didn't know.

Finally, the young farmer would find the calves and start them home, and he might get there by sunrise if he didn't find something else to interest him.

When he came in, fresh, bright eyed and hungry from his walk and found breakfast waiting, his mother would ask:

"Why, what makes you so late getting back, Sam?"

"Oh, I've been watching ol' Br'er Rabbit and Br'er Possum," he would reply. He had read the stories of Uncle Remus and always called animals by the names the old darky gave them.

One Saturday morning Bill Googe climbed over the fence and came to where Sam was at work.

"Hello, Sam," he greeted. "Say, let's go fishin' this evenin'."

"Are you up with your work?" asked Sam.

"You bet. I've quit loafin' round when they's work needin' doin'. Everything's right up to now."

"All right, then," said Sam; "I'll be glad to go. I was just thinking about it."

"Well, I'll git the bait and be 'long 'bout 1 o'clock after you. Say, Sam, you shore are raisin' a powerful lot o' truck on this place. I declare, I don't see how you do it. Of course I know now that it's a good deal in the way you work the land, but I didn't think anybody could raise crops like this. And you never let up—fast as you git one crop off you've got another comin' on."

"Yes," said the boy farmer, "I'm doing pretty well. Everything's been favorable, though, and we've had plenty of rain. As for growing more than one crop, you've got to do that if you want to make any money. Besides, land needs something on it all the time to keep down the weeds and keep humus in the ground. When I get my corn and cotton gathered I want to hire you again to plow this land and sow it with some kind of a cover crop for the winter."

"All right," agreed Bill. "I'll do it. And since you mentioned it I guess I'll sow my field in something—wheat or rye. I could use it for pasture, too, couldn't I?"

"Certainly," replied Sam. "It would not do to pasture it even if you were going to let it stand. But speaking of land producing stuff, why, man, this place hasn't done half what it can be made to do. Here's something I clipped from a farm paper. It'll give you an idea what land produces when it's handled right." Sam took from his pocket a little slip of paper and read:

"'There are few who know the possibilities of the soil when well manured and watered. One acre has produced

The Two Put Off Down the Creek to Fish For Perch.

216 bushels of corn, and three bales of cotton have rewarded another man. On Long Island 400 bushels of Irish potatoes is not an excessively large crop, and at Greeley, Colo., 400 bushels is not an uncommon yield. In the Sacramento valley, California, Mr. Cheek has for the past thirty years made a good living and saved an average of $400 per year from one acre. On the island of Jersey rents are as high as $200 and $300 per acre, and near the city of Paris they are higher still. Near San Diego, Cal., there is a colony of "little landers" who believe that one acre is enough, and many of them are making good with their small farms. With good soils, plenty of manure and all the water needed, the possibilities of the soil are enormous, and one crop follows another in rapid succession.'

"What do you think of $200 and $300 an acre for rent?" Sam asked when he had finished reading. "They've got to raise something on that land, haven't they?"

"I should say th[illegible] of 'em," [illegible] Bill.

[illegible] at 1 o'clock Bill Googe came by for Sam, and the two put off down the creek to [illegible] for the perch and cat that were to be found in the blue pools of the little stream. Bill had intended to take his shotgun along, but found that he was out of powder and so had to leave off that part of the sport.

They hadn't gone far when an old quail with her brood of young ones, just old enough to fly, rose out of the grass in front of them with a loud whir of wings and sailed off into a nearby thicket.

"They's goin' to be some good huntin' here this fall and winter," Bill Googe remarked.

"You're a farmer, aren't you, Bill?" Sam asked.

"Of course, a kind of one. But what you askin' that for?" Bill inquired, surprised at the question.

"Well, a farmer ought not to kill a farmer's friends, ought he?"

"Sure, he oughtn't!" George replied.

"Well, you just take it from me that those quails and nearly all the other birds that live around here are good friends of ours. We ought not to kill them, and we ought not to allow others to come on our places to kill them."

"Why, I didn't think a quail was any good to us except to eat," said Bill.

"So far as any one knows," Sam explained, "they're the only bird that destroys the potato beetle. They eat all they can find, and they do us a good turn every time they gobble one. More than that, every single quail eats thousands upon thousands of boll weevils. Some people used to argue that a quail didn't eat anything except grain. But we know better now. They eat insects of all kinds, as well as weed seed."

"If that's so they ought not to be killed," said Bill.

"Of course not," said Sam. "We don't have any idea how much good they do us. It ought to be against the law to kill a quail at any time. As it is, they say insects destroy one-tenth of all we produce. If we were to kill all the birds there'd be such a plague of insects that they'd kill everything—all the trees and vegetation of all kinds."

Farther on Bill saw a woodpecker hammering lustily on a dead tree. He stopped and pointed with his finger. "Bet I could knock 'im off with a rifle from here," he said.

"Don't ever do it," cautioned Sam. "He's another friend."

"What?" exclaimed Bill. "A woodpecker kills trees."

"No, he doesn't," said Sam. "He saves trees. A woodpecker never bores a hole in a tree for fun. He's after worms or making himself a home, and he makes his home in dead trees. When he bores into a green tree he's after a worm every time, and he always gets him. The hole the bird makes will grow up, but if the worm stays it'll kill the tree. One woodpecker will go over 600 trees in a day and examine them for bugs, egg deposits and worms. It doctors the tree inside and out. I saw a woodpecker go over nearly every tree in our orchard."

"Well, now, I didn't know that," said Bill. "I been knowin' woodpeckers all my life, but I never paid no attention to 'em. Guess I won't shoot no more of 'em."

"To tell the truth," Sam went on, "there are mighty few birds or animals but what do more good than harm. I believe the common old house cats kill more birds and chickens than all the varmints put together. I think it's a good deed to kill a cat whenever you find one. There are two kinds of hawks—the cooper and the sharp shinned—that are bad to kill birds and chickens. These two hawks look alike. They are small. The females are a mottled brownish color, and the males are a dull blue. It's a good thing to kill them whenever you get a chance. The other hawks and owls don't do much harm, and they do lots of good because they live mostly on rats and mice and such things. Once in a while an owl will bother chickens, but it's only when its regular food is scarce.

"It's pretty much the same way about the fox, mink, weasel and skunk. Once in a while one of these varmints will get to be bad after chickens. But we could hardly do without them because they keep down the swarms of field mice, rabbits, grasshoppers, crickets, hornets and wasps."

"Where'd you find out these things?" asked Bill. "I know they're true when I hear you say 'em, but somehow I never did think of 'em before."

"I've learned a little by reading," Sam told him, "but mostly by keeping my eyes and ears open when I'm out in the woods and fields. Sister and I like to study plants and animals, especially plants. We're going to take a correspondence course in botany next year in the state university. Florence says she's going to be a florist, and I want to know all about plants, so I can farm."

During the long afternoon Sam and Bill fished and talked, every now and then throwing out a blue cat or a goggle eye to add to their strings that they kept fastened to the edge of the water. It was cool and shady along the creek. Birds sang and squirrels chattered in the branches overhead. The two farmers enjoyed the quiet coolness after the hot days in the field.

Late in the afternoon they wound up their lines and went home, each carrying a long string of fish. Sam sat on the doorstep in the gathering dusk and breathed the perfume from the honeysuckle that clambered over the yard fence. He saw the stars coming out, one by one, and the moon creeping up behind a big oak. He heard the "who-who-who" of an owl away off on the creek. Then suddenly stars, moon and owl all vanished. He smelled fried fish and heard his mother calling him to supper.

(To Be Continued.)

Explained

It was a New York school teacher who received this message from a mother who was advised to punish her wayward son: "You lick him, teacher—I ain't mad at him."

It was a Cleveland teacher who wrote to the mother of a mischievous boy asking her assistance in making the boy behave. This was the answer she received:

"If you ain't able to control your school without assistance you better git another job. P. S.—I ain't his mother I'm his father."

SOLDIERS' CLOTHES BIG WAR PROBLEM

France Has Had Difficulty in Supplying Her 4,000,000 Men.

Paris.—When France comes to add up the cost of the present war one of the principal items will be found to be the money paid out for the uniforms, underwear and shoes of her soldiers. Nearly 4,000,000 men are under arms, and campaign conditions lead to a wear and tear of clothing far in excess of that which prevails in ordinary tactics.

The beginning of hostilities found the government lamentably short of uniforms. Successive regimes in the war department had been a little too economical, and the stock was barely sufficient to clothe the men who responded to the first mobilization call. There were very few uniforms for the Territorials and none for the new classes of 1914 and 1915. It was necessary to set an army of tailors to work on an overtime basis and scour the world for cloth with which to keep them busy turning out these much needed uniforms.

According to the figures prepared by a competent authority, the army needs not less than 100,000 meters of cloth per day, whereas the normal production of French mills before the war was 4,000 meters per day. About 50,000 pairs of shoes per day are required, while shirts and drawers take 15,000,000 meters of material per month. Haversacks and belts must be replaced to the tune of more than a million per month. At least a million and a half new camp utensils are needed every month.

TOMMY IS WRITER OF "MOIST" LETTER

With Water, Water Everywhere, Private Longs for a Nice Hot Bath.

London.—"Some moist" is what an American would probably comment on this bit from the pen of a British private now at the front:

"I had the most miserable time in my life two nights ago; we went into some reserve trenches, which are 2 feet wide and 2 feet 6 inches deep; they are covered with straw and mud and sticks so as to be hidden; there is no room even to sit up and they are absolutely dark; it began raining like blazes in the middle of the night and went on incessantly; the water came pouring in, and finally, after lying soaked to the skin in about 3 inches of mud and water, we had the order to evacuate them. It really was perfectly awful; we had nothing to change into, as our packs with a spare shirt and socks in were full of mud and water. How I longed for a hot bath and some whisky and a nice warm bed.

"We were sent into an old bullet-riddled barn and had three sows, some little pigs and a goat as bed-fellows, but it was absolutely Paradise to what we had just been experiencing.

"Last night we left at 7 o'clock and got to bed at 1:30 in the morning. It was raining the whole day and our kits seemed like lead; it is awfully heavy at the best of times, but when one's blanket and coat is soaked it is too awful to carry with a rifle and 200 rounds of ammunition."

He Didn't Care

The little boy was carrying home an empty bowl that had contained his father's dinner when a bully appeared.

"Do you mind if I kick that bowl?" he asked.

"Not a bit," replied the small boy.

"You mean that you don't mind if I kick that bowl?"

"Not a bit."

"For the last time," persisted the bully, "do you mind if I kick that bowl?"

"No, I should like you to," said the small boy.

"Oh, would you!" exclaimed the bully. "Then watch me!" He shattered the bowl to atoms. "Now do you mind?" he asked.

"Not a bit," said the small boy, edging away. "My mother borrowed the bowl from your mother this morning. You will hear about it when you get home."

Enthusiastic Taxpayers

Friend—"It's all fixed now. You'll be elected judge. The taxpayers are enthusiastic."

Candidate—"What argument did you use?"

Friend—"I told 'em you could soon fill the treasury fining people for contempt of court."

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SOLDIERS WEARING HIDES OF SHEEP

Fierce and Close Battles at One Point Sidelights on the Great War.

Paris, France—Six months of living in the open has almost turned the soldiers into brutes, so far as their appearance goes. Most of the French soldiers, owing to their costume, have the appearance of primitive men. Uniforms are caked with mud and tattered beyond recognition. Coats have been stripped of brass buttons and gay braid. Undressed hides of sheep, worn with the skin side out to shed rain, are tied on the backs of the men with thongs. Beards are long and unkempt. The Germans in the opposite trenches are in like condition.

Near Pont-a-Mousson savage fighting has continued almost daily. While siege conditions prevail at most points along the battle line, there the French and Germans have had close battles with bayonet against bayonet, revolver against revolver and sometimes fist against fist. A few days ago a French officer shot a German so close at hand that the revolver he used was stained with small spatterings of blood from his enemy's wound.

A Cold Winter

Young Man—Regular old-fashioned winter, isn't it?

Old Man—Call this an old-fashioned winter? It isn't a circumstance to some of the winters we used to have. Did I ever tell you about a winter we had back in the sixties?

Young Man—No, I guess not.

Old Man—Why, in one of those winters it was so cold that every time the minister preached about hell the shivering sinner would rush out and commit suicide.

Worth Knowing

Tramp—Have you any broken china plates that you would like to have me mend?

Housekeeper—Indeed I have. Do you use cement?

"No, mum. If you'll hand me a broken plate with a piece of pie on it I'll show you how I manage."

"Well, it's worth knowing. Here's the plate."

"Thank ye, mum. All you have to do is just to take the pie in your hand this way, mum, and then it don't matter about the plate, mum."

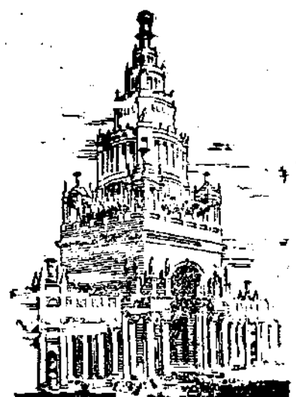
Why Baby Cried

A young mother, who had just returned from India, engaged a new nurse for her baby. The nurse came to her and said:

"I don't know what's the matter, madam, but the little one cries and cries. I can do nothing to keep it quiet."

The mother thought a moment, then brightening up she said:

"I remember now. Baby's last nurse was a black one. You will find the stove polish on the third shelf in the kitchen."



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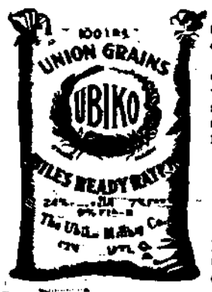

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FIERCE BATTLES RAGE AT YPRES

French Capture Fort on the Dardanelles—Push Germans Back and Make Gains in Flanders

MONDAY

Although spring has failed to bring the long expected "big effort" of the allies against the German lines in France and Belgium, it has furnished three of the most desperate engagements of the war. The first was at Neuve Chapelle, where, in three days' fighting, the combined losses numbered 30,000 or more with victory resting on the British arms. The second occurred to the southeast of Ypres, when the British captured the important strategic point known as Hill No. 60. This involved the most furious kind of shelling and hand to hand fighting, and after the hill was taken a bombardment by the Germans for several days.

Then, bringing up heavy reinforcements, the Germans began an attack around Ypres, which is described as one of the fiercest of the war. This movement was partly in the nature of a surprise and resulted in pushing back the allied lines for a considerable distance, estimated in some quarters as several miles. Some of this ground has been regained, and, according to the French official report, the Germans have not only been checked, but Belgians, British and French by determined counter attacks, continue to force their adversaries back.

The German rushes in Flanders and the Woevre, where they claim to have had considerable success, are believed to be the forerunners of another big effort to break through the allied lines in the West.

For many days Belgium has been sealed from the observation of neutrals while reinforcements from Germany were being moved to the South to take part in the new offensive, which they hope is to carry them to Calais and possibly break the resistance of the allies.

The attack in Flanders, originally levelled at the French, has been transferred to the British lines held by the Canadians, on the immediate right of the French, and here for two days, the men from the Dominion have been engaged in a deadly contest with the Germans. The latter state in their official report that they have made further progress toward Ypres and that the British counter-attacks have been repulsed.

The French account, on the other hand, declares that the allies' counter attacks continue with success and that the British hold all their positions, and repeats the charge that the Germans are using bombs containing asphyxiating gases.

The "Frankfurter Zeitung" justifies the use of these missiles on the ground that the allies have done likewise.

It is believed that a half million new German troops have reached Flanders and that more guns and material are to be used than were provided for the original attempts to destroy the allied armies in the West—attempts which met with failure both in August and in October.

In the meantime the eastern front is enjoying a period of comparative calm except in the mid-Carpathians, where the Russians continue to attack the Austrians in Uzsok pass and to the eastward, where the Austrians and Germans are trying to crush the Russian flank. Both sides report successes.

The operations in the Dardanelles apparently are still confined to the bombardment of the Turkish entrenchments while preparations are being made for landing the allied forces, part of which is already on Turkish territory at Enos and other points.

Italy and Greece continue to debate what steps, if any, they will take, and Roumania, it is believed, waits on Italy's decision. It is stated that Austrian and German diplomats at Rome are prepared to recommend acceptance of Italy's terms, but are waiting for instructions from Vienna, which must have the last word in the matter.

German newspapers still insist that the German fleet has been cruising in the North Sea. According to these published reports, the German fleet has been vainly seeking the British fleets. The German commander of a steamer which is said to have met the German fleet a week ago off Helgoland, declares that the Germans had only one desire to engage the British.

TUESDAY

The tremendous battle, begun by the German attack on the allied arc line front around Ypres in the plains of Flanders, continues with undiminished fury, and England, like the rest of Europe, is awaiting the outcome with undisguised anxiety.

Even the news that the allies' fleet and army have commenced an attack on the Dardanelles and that troops are advancing against the Turkish entrenchments, which a few days ago would have aroused immense enthusiasm, was received in London with only passing attention in the face of the stakes that are in the balance in the battle which is being fought beyond the English channel.

While the majority of those capable of forming an opinion believe that the Germans by the stroke they have delivered against the British, French and Belgians, are once again aiming at Dunkirk and Calais, there are others who believe that it is only a feint in force to draw the allies' reserves while preparations are being made for an attack at some other point in the long line.

Whatever are the intentions of the Germans they certainly made a successful coup, which, while it did not [illegible], did dent the allies' line. The [illegible]ians, who were holding the [illegible] portion of the lines, were the [illegible] to recover themselves, and in a [illegible]-attack [illegible] [illegible]

with their comrades, have sucessfully withstood the German assaults.

The French and Belgians who received the blast in fuller force and were driven back across the canal between Boesinghe and Steenstraate, were not much slower in reorganizing, and, according to the French official reports, succeeded in regaining possession of the canal banks and much of the surrendered territory to the east.

There is no inclination in London, however, to belittle the initial success of the German sweep and the work that is before the allied armies before the situation can be fully restored.

A writer in the Pall Mall Gazette describes it as "a masterly tactical counter stroke," and declares that "if the Germans have waited long to take their revenge for Neuve Chapelle, they have taken it now." By getting across the canal, it is pointed out, the Germans gained for the moment command of the new road, and if they had not been driven back would have forced a readjustment of the whole allied line in the region of Ypres.

British optimism in the outcome is encouraged by the successes of the allies in repelling similar attacks last October when they were less well equipped than the Germans, whereas there now is believed to be little to choose between the opposing forces in either numbers or the machinery of war. The battle has had a marked effect in recruiting, which enjoyed a considerable boom yesterday.

In the meantime the Austro-Germans have evolved a new movement in the Carpathians. Apparently they have withdrawn the force which attempted to outflank the Russians in the direction of Stry and are attacking them in the neighborhood of Uzsok pass and to the east of that point. Austria claims to have gained considerable success in the capture of additional heights and prisoners.

All that is known of the attack on the Dardanelles is contained in a brief report issued by the war office and admiralty last evening, which simply says that in spite of serious opposition troops have been successfully landed at various points on the Gallipoli peninsula and that their advance continues.

The attack is being made by the land, the sea and the air. The allied airmen are playing an important part in the operations, in locating positions and dropping bombs on the Turkish guns and trenches and in directing the fire of the warships and covering the landing of troops. The Russians are doing their share by making demonstration against the forts at the Black sea entrance of the Bosphorus.

The diplomatic situation with respect to Italy and Greece remains obscure. It is known, however, that conversations are still proceeding between the Germanic allies and Italy, and it is reported that an agreement has been reached between Rome and the triple entente.

The German action is dictated by the desire to hide the movement of troops. The British action is not explained, except by the assumption that the admiralty expects a naval battle with the German fleet which is cruising off Helgoland.

Lieutenant Captain Thierfelder, commander of the German commerce raider Kron Prinz Wilhelm, late yesterday informed Collector of Customs Hamilton at Newport News, Va., that he would intern his ship for the war in American waters.

WEDNESDAY

On the narrow, rocky Gallipoli peninsula in Turkey and on a restricted front stretching northward from Ypres in Belgium, two of the most vital struggles of the war are now in progress. Neither struggle has yet reached a stage which would permit of a prediction of the ultimate result.

French troops have occupied Kum Kaleb fortress at the entrance to the Dardanelles.

In the Gallipoli peninsula, fighting a picturesque assortment of allied troops landed Sunday, supported by the fire of the warships, are trying to batter their way through thousands of German-officered Turks in an effort to force the Dardanelles—the main gateway of the Ottoman Empire—and reach Constantinople.

According to the British claim, the attack is progressing, but a Turkish communication declares that, although the allies landed forces at four points, these forces are being beaten back to the coast, while the Moslems in the French ranks are deserting the Tricolor and casting their lot with their co-religionists.

Equally contradictory are the official statements concerning the fighting in the vicinity of Ypres. It would appear that the German offensive north of that city, which resulted in their recent gain of nearly three miles, has reached its limit, and that, although the Germans hold most of the ground they gained, the question now is whether they have sufficiently consolidated the new line to retain it.

Italy has called to Rome its ambassadors to Paris, London, Vienna and Berlin for a conference. This is regarded as preliminary to an announcement of Italy's decision for or against war.

Some sections of the British press profess the belief that the crisis in the near battle, or series of battles, for the French coast, has passed, but others are of the opinion that the end is not yet.

"The fate of Calais still hangs in the balance," says the London Evening News. "The Germans are not disheartened. They are not starving and they are capable of a great sustained offensive in Flanders."

The British war office in a statement last night, supplementing its previous charges that the Germans in their fighting are using noxious gases, says:

"Medical evidence shows that the Canadian soldiers have lost their lives in the recent fighting, not from wounds, but from poisonous gases employed by the enemy."

—Charles Seely, aged 72 years, of Osceola, died last Wednesday evening. Besides his widow he is survived by one daughter, Mrs. O. J. Yauger.

SUMMARY OF THE WAR NEWS

Interesting Incidents and Happenings of the Past Week in the European War Zone

THURSDAY

From the Carpathian peaks and passes the violent encounters of the war have, for the present at least, been transferred to Belgium and France. The most sanguinary engagements reported by any of the war chancellories is in progress in Belgium, to the southeast of Ypres, where the Germans are endeavoring to wrest from the British a strategic point known as hill No. 60, which the British took from the Germans several days ago with extremely heavy casualties to both sides.

London declares that "violent and continual counter-attacks" are still being made against the position, two of which were repulsed with great loss to the Germans. Since April 17, Paris says, the Germans have lost in defending and attempting to recapture this hill from 3,000 to 4,000 men.

The battle in the Carpathians has virtually come to a standstill, except at isolated spots along the great range. Whether this is due to the strong reinforcements of the Austro-German forces by additional divisions of Germans who are said to have been sent around and through Hungary to the southern slopes of the mountains, or to the fact that the spring thaw has made morasses of the roads and the freshets have inundated large regions of the country, has not been made known officially, but unofficial advices declare that the latter conditions are responsible for the let-up.

There has been activity at many other points along the western front, and Berlin, which is more communicative than Paris, says that the Germans have made progress in the forest of Le Pretre, near St. Mihiel, and reports the repulse of French attacks in other sections from Champagne to Alsace.

From every side comes news of the activity of the air fleets, which have been busy bombarding towns and military stations behind the lines of the armies. The British claim to have damaged the German airship harbor at Ghent.

Great Britain has now on the battle line in France more than 36 divisions of troops, or over 750,000, all of them adequately equipped. Chancellor Lloyd George made this statement in the House of Commons. The chancellor added that although there had been a great increase in the output of ammunition and there now was a large reserve on hand, still more was needed. As an indication of this need he pointed out that in the three-day fighting at Neuve Chapelle more ammunition had been expended than in the two years and nine months duration of the Boer war.

FRIDAY

Impending operations in the North Sea are thought to be foreshadowed by the incursion of British submarines in Helgoland bay and by the embargo on all shipping between England and Holland.

During the past week the activity of the German submarines has decreased to a marked degree, and coincidently, British submarines, of which nothing has been heard for two months, have put in an appearance and are apparently operating along the German coast and around Helgoland. The German admiralty's report announcing these operations, say that one of the British underwater craft was sunk on April 17.

The fact that Great Britain has already sent more than 750,000 men across the channel to France, as announced by the chancellor of the exchequer in the House of Commons, may indicate a temporary cessation of the transport of the troops to the continent, with a consequent release of some of the warships that have been guarding the lane.

Whatever the intention of the government, the British people are convinced that important naval events are likely to occur within a comparatively brief period.

Glowing accounts of the strength and condition of the British army and of the increase in the output of munitions, which, it is expected, will next month amount to twenty-five times what it was last September, have increased the enthusiasm and confidence of the people of England in the war which they and their allies are waging on the continents of Europe, Asia and Africa.

The Turkish army, which was sent to bar the British advance from the head of the Persian gulf, after having suffered 6,000 casualties, is in full retreat, harassed not only by the British, but by Arab tribesmen, whom they had enlisted on their side, and who, now that the Turks have been defeated, have turned against them.

Nearer home, the British are holding tenaciously to Hill 60, near Ypres, which they captured from the Germans April 17th and which the Germans have ever since been trying to retake. The French are pressing hard on the two sides of the German triangle in the Woevre.

The Russians, for their part are, according to accounts, repulsing repeated Austrian attacks on their positions to the southeast of Lupkow pass in the Carpathians and are holding their own against the Austro-German efforts on their flanks near Gorlice, in Western Galicia, and Stry, in the eastern part of the same province. These attacks apparently are being made with the object of holding the Russians where they are while the Germans are preparing to strike at the Russian lines at some other point, possibly from the direction of Cracow.

Although rumors are many and divergent, no definite news has been received of Italy's intentions. While dispatches indicate that the tension between Rome and Vienna has slackened, the belief is general that before many weeks both Italy and some of the Balkan states will assume a more definite attitude.

SATURDAY

With a big battle developing near Ypres, in Flanders, and reports of a prospective naval engagement in the North Sea and of preparations for the commencement of a combined naval and military attacks on the Dardanelles or some other vital spot in Turkey, the people of Europe are highly expectant.

Of these three anticipated events, only one has actually reached fulfillment—the battle near Ypres. That a severe engagement has taken place in this part of Flanders is confirmed by the official reports, but these are so contradictory in their claims that the actual result of the preliminary fighting is not known.

To those outside the war offices of the belligerent nations it would appear, however, that following their loss of Hill No. 60 and their failure, after repeated attempts, to recapture it, the Germans have commenced an offensive from the northeast against the Anglo-French line in front of Ypres, which was the scene of such bloody battles last autumn, and also against the Belgian line farther west.

The Germans claim that, with a rush, they drove the allies back to the Ypres canal, taking 1,600 British and French prisoners, and a number of guns. The French accounts admits that the allies had to fall back, but it states that this was due to the use by the Germans of asphyxiating gas bombs. Paris asserts that in counter-attacks the allies took many German prisoners, and that the Belgians repulsed attacks launched against them. It is believed in London that these operations are only the commencement of another battle of Ypres.

Although a despatch received from Holland last night gives a rumor that the Germans are about to fall back to the Liege line, in order to have troops ready for possible use against Italy should Italy join the allies, it is considered more likely in military circles that the Germans will give battle where they are, preferring to be the first to attack, having learned from recent experiences that it is difficult to hold the strongest positions when an extremely heavy cannonade is directed against them.

Fighting continues in the Woevre and here also both the French and Germans claim successes. The French in this region seemingly are still on the offensive and apparently determined to attempt further to squeeze the German wedge which has its apex at St. Mihiel.

The prediction of a naval battle in the North Sea, which is based on reports from Scandinavia of activity by the warships, the prohibition of shipping between England and Holland by the British admiralty, and the announcement from the German admiralty that the German high seas fleet has several times lately been out in the North Sea without encountering British ships, are incidents of the war that are calling forth much discussion.

A Rome dispatch says that the widespread belief that Italy must soon make her decision for or against war has aroused public feeling to a state of nervous excitement. The tension is increasing each day.

SUNDAY

The second German drive on Ypres, the key to Calais, has been checked. Brought to a halt by the Canadians, who gave the advancing hordes of invaders such terrific battle, even with their left flank exposed, that the French, English and Belgians were able to reform their line before Steenstraate and Hetsas, the Kaiser's forces were turned back at Lizerne, the village they captured west of the Yser and the Franco-Belgian forces are crowding them back to the eastward.

The Germans have fallen back to the left bank of the canal and heavy reinforcements are being concentrated there to hurl them back across the Yser.

While the attack originally met with considerable success, due, according to the allies' reports, to the use by the Germans of asphyxiating gases, it is said to have been already checked.

The Canadians, who held the extreme left of the British line and were forced to retire when the rest of the front was pressed back, made a brilliant counter-attack, regaining most, if not all, the ground which they had left in the hands of the Germans. In the words of Sir John French, they saved the situation.

The Germans, however, still maintain their hold on the Yser Canal farther north, for they speak of storming the village of Lizerne, which is across the canal between the towns of Steenstraate and Hetsas, which they took in their first rush. The German attack to the south of Ypres, which was made simultaneously with that to the north, apparently has failed entirely.

These attacks are believed to be the commencement of another big battle, which, with both sides strongly entrenched, promise to be one of the bitterest and bloodiest of the war. Telegrams from Holland tell not only of the movement of German reinforcements to the front, but of long trains of dead and wounded which are passing to the rear, a condition of affairs which also must exist in the rear of the allied army. The outcome of the battle is awaited with the utmost eagerness.

Driven from Hill No. 60 to the south of Ypres and failing to retake it by a counter-attack, the Germans launched a [illegible] advance northeast of the town [illegible] after stupifying and killing men in the first trenches with deadly gases, they drove a wedge of infantry forward, forcing the French and Belgians back toward, and at some points apparently across the Yser Canal, a maneuver which at the same time compelled the British line north of Ypres to fall back to conform with the French.

—Sage & Co.'s cut glass factory at Lawrenceville resumed business last week. This shows an enterprising spirit, the plant of the company being entirely destroyed by fire March 5th.

REAL ESTATE TRANSFERS

Recent Changes in Ownership of Tioga County Property

Sullivan—Adelia J. Aber to Walter L. Connelly; 185 acres, $2.

Nelson—Raymond E. Baker, to A. G. Bower; 40 acres, $1,200.

Sullivan—Robert M. Brodrick and wife to Carl L. Parkhurst and wife; 138 acres, $4,907.50.

Sullivan—Robert M. Brodrick and wife to Charles F. Parkhurst; 25 acres, $892.50.

Mansfield—W. W. Allen and wife to Chas. H. Hawley and wife; lot $1.

Blossburg—Mary A. McCann and husband to Chas. W. Munro; lot, $1,400.

Farmington—Stephen Martin and wife to W. A. Elliott; 89.3 acres, $2,900.

Middlebury—Samuel F. McInroy and wife to Elmer J. Reynolds; lot, $850.

Charleston—George I. Losey and wife to Samuel F. McInroy; 54 acres, $3,000.

Richmond—F. H. Gaige and wife to Joseph M. Rice; ½ acre, $300.

Rutland—Frank N. Woodward and wife to James C. Johns and wife; 250 acres, $2,000.

Lawrenceville—Theodore L. Smith and wife to Arthur T. Swan; 1¼ acres, $1,850.

Brookfield—Orrie H. Bean and wife, et al., to Troups Creek Grange, No. 981, P. of H.; lot, $75.

Westfield borough—Wm. H. Shirley and wife to Lester H. Parsons; ½ acre, $2,300.

Wellsboro—George C. Brooks and wife to James A. Ballard and wife; lot, $2,800.

Westfield township—R. D. Andrews and wife to Augustus Andrews, et al.; lot, $100.

Tioga township—John L. Inscho and wife to S. E. Kiniport; 214 acres, $1.

Jackson—Thaddeus I. Mitchell and wife to Sylvester Griffin, et al.; 50 acres, $1,000.

Mansfield—Jesse R. Layton and wife to Geo. S. Gardner; lot, $350.

Mansfield—Eugene N. Bentley and wife, et al., to Geo. S. Gardner; lot, $1,000.

Liberty township—Henry B. Ayres and wife to John R. Childs; 56 acres, $1,450.

Blossburg—Wm. M. Stewart, Admr., of, to Stephen Mors; lot, $400.

Blossburg—Stephen Mors to Orrilla Stewart; lot, $100.

Jackson—Fred G. Tabor and wife, et al., to Lawrence V. Smith and wife; 85 acres, $2,100.

Blossburg—James Crawford and wife to Robert Mitchell; lot, $1.

Blossburg—Margaret Mitchell and husband to James Crawford; lot, $1.

Union—Geo. W. Hebe to Harry R. Schmelzle; 83 acres, $2,800.

Tioga township—Katherine Ferguson to Wm. A. Pierce; 4½ acres, $1.

Morris—Orpha L. Clark to Henry B. Ayres; 55 acres, $1,000.

Morris—Orpha L. Clark to Emma J. Ayres; 57 acres, $1,000.

Clymer—Barry Stone and wife, et al., to M. E. Stone; 2 acres, $300.

Charleston—J. V. Morgan and wife to Wm. V. Bliss and wife; 5.46 acres, $800.

Sullivan—Walter L. Connelly and wife to Ray L. Fitzwater; 186.6 acres, $4,500.

Charleston—Edith Bell Niles and husband to Charles W. Hazlett; 18 acres, $1,500.

Elkland—Fred H. Weister and wife to Nicola Annicelli; lot, $1,050.

Elkland—Nicola Annicelli and wife to John Tiglio; lot, $1,000.

Shippen—The Ansonia Dairy Company to J. L. Crans; lot, $300.

Farmington—J. E. Hoyt, et al., to Ida E. Russell; 5 acres, $100.

Gaines—Howard F. Marsh, Vice Pres., et al., to Tioga County Savings and Trust Co.; 155 acres, $1.

Clymer—Geo. A. Stebbins and wife to L. C. Yale; lot, $50.

Morris—Mark A. Apgar and wife to Alex Patt, et al.; 100 acres, $600.

Richmond—Horace Williston, Ex. of, to Louisa M. Graves; 100 acres, $900.

Richmond—Thomas Cruttenden and wife, et al., to Joseph C. Gorton, et al.; 100 acres, $4,000.

Tioga township—Wm. A. Pierce and wife to Josiah H. Howe; 4½ acres, $550.

Delmar—Charles Orr and wife to Truman W. Walbridge and wife, et al.; 230 acres, $9,000.

Richmond—John F. Pitts and wife to Clyde F. Cleveland; 201 acres, $9,000.

Wellsboro—Annie Alexander Elliott and husband to A. M. Rouse; lots, $200.

Middlebury—Laura A. Day and husband to Leander L. Gee; 24.86 acres, $467.37.

Wellsboro—Henry C. Cox to Homer F. Cox; lots, $1.

Knoxville—M. S. Haskell and wife to Union Products Co.; lot, $1,000.

Knoxville—M. S. Haskell and wife et al., to Union Products Co.; lot, $1.

Blossburg—Evan Bowen to Edwin E. Cook; lot, $2,300.

Tioga township—Charles K. Hatfield and wife to Herbert A. Mann and wife; 10 acres, $1,800.

Tioga township—Glen Padgett and wife to Herbert A. Mann and wife; lot, $100.

WILSON LESS POPULAR.

May Regain Political Support, However, Says Senator La Follette.

After a trip through Pennsylvania, Michigan, Wisconsin, Iowa and the Kansas, Senator Robert F. LaFollette believes that President Wilson is not as strong, politically speaking, as he was when elected.

"That doesn't mean," he said, "that he will not be strong again a year from next fall. Nobody can tell about that. Prosperous times would work a great change, probably. Remember what they did for Taft. We didn't think he'd get a vote in Wisconsin some months prior to the election, but along came a period of better times and he got several.

"President Wilson's efforts to undo the work done for 25 or 30 years in behalf of special business interests naturally has resulted in bad times. It is a terrific job that has to be done and the man that accomplishes it ought hardly to expect to serve more than one term.

"The trouble with President Wilson is that he has shown a disposition to compromise, to try to help business. However, he has done a great deal more, already than either Taft or Roosevelt.

"Politicians who think progressivism is dead are mistaken."

Household Goods for Sale.

The entire lot of Household Goods at Forest Lawn Sanitarium are offered at private sale. April 29, 1915.

Farm for Sale.

One hundred acre farm within a mile of the condensery in Wellsboro is offered for sale. Address Lock Box 671, Wellsboro, Pa., for particulars.

Live Stock Wanted.

At the stock yards in Wellsboro. Highest market price paid for veal calves, hogs, lambs, bologna cows and beef cattle. Next shipment Saturday, May 8th.

LOUIS KENDRICK,
R. D. 6, Wellsboro, Pa.
May 1, 1914-tf. Farmers' Phone 11 AA.

Annual Meeting.

The annual meeting of the stockholders of the Middlebury Union Cemetery Association will be held on the grounds SATURDAY, MAY 1st, 1915. A full attendance is desired, as some important changes are to be made in the by-laws.

N. T. FRENCH,
April 8, 1915-4t. Secretary.

New Garage.

We have just fitted up a new garage on Water street with a complete outfit of new machinery and are prepared to repair all makes of cars in a first-class manner. We have a large new steam vulcanizer and are equipped to repair tires of all sizes.

An experienced all-round machinist from the Seattle (Washington) Garage has been engaged and all work guaranteed at reasonable rates. No charge for towing cars. Farmers' phone 82B.

ENGLISH & HOWE,
April 29, 1915. Wellsboro, Pa.

Auditor's Notice.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned Auditor appointed by the Orphans' Court of Tioga county, to report distribution of the funds in the hands of E. H. Owlett, Esq., Administrator of the estate of Susie Cruttenden, late of Richmond township, Tioga county, Pennsylvania, deceased, will attend to the duties of his appointment at his office in the borough of Wellsboro on THURSDAY, MAY 13, 1915, at one o'clock p. m., at which time and place all parties in interest may appear if they so see fit.

CHARLES M. ELLIOTT,
April 15, 1915-4t. Auditor.

Auditor's Notice.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned Auditor appointed by the Orphans' Court of Tioga county, to report distribution of the funds in the hands of E. H. Owlett, Esq., Administrator of the estate of Fred A. Cruttenden, late of Richmond township, Tioga county, Pennsylvania, deceased, will attend to the duties of his appointment at his office in the borough of Wellsboro, on THURSDAY, MAY 13, 1915, at two o'clock p. m., at which time and place all parties in interest may appear if they so see fit.

CHARLES M. ELLIOTT,
April 15, 1915-4t. Auditor.

Horses for Sale.

One pair brown mares, age 4, wt 2500; one pair bay mares, age 7 and 8, wt 2700; one pair gray geldings, age 4, wt 2600; one pair gray mares, age 4 and 6, wt 2700; one pair gray geldings, age 4, wt 2400; one pair grays, mare and gelding, age 7 and 8, wt 2600; one pair grays, mare and gelding, age 6 and 7, wt 2500; one gray mare, age 6, wt 1400; one gray mare, age 4, wt 1300; one bay mare, age 7, wt 1250; one brown mare, age 5, wt 1300; one gray mare, age 7, wt 1300; one gray mare, age 7, wt 1100; one brown mare, age 10, wt 1150; one good driving horse, age 5, wt 1150. Several other good horses not enumerated. A number of these horses have been worked here all winter. Also have several cheap horses. I also have a black Percheron stallion for service at my barn, weighing 1400. Both phones.

E. G. CARSON,
April 15, 1915. Wellsboro, Pa.

Proclamation in Divorce.

The Commonwealth of Pennsylvania. To CHARLES SCHRADER, greeting: Whereas, Margaret B. Schrader, did on the 21st day of December, A. D. 1914, prefer her petition to the Judge of the Court of Common Pleas for the County of Tioga, Pennsylvania, praying that for causes therein set forth she might be divorced from the Bonds of Matrimony entered into with you the said Charles Schrader. We therefore command you that setting aside all manner of business and excuses whatsoever, you be and appear in your proper person before our Judge at Wellsboro, at the Court of Common Pleas there to be held for the said county, on the fourth Monday of May next, to answer the petition or libel of the said Margaret B. Schrader, and to show cause, if any you have, why the said Margaret B. Schrader, your wife, should not be divorced from the Bonds of Matrimony, agreeably to the Acts of General Assembly in such case made and provided. Hereof fail not.

Witness the Honorable David Cameron, President Judge of our said Court, at Wellsboro, Pa., the 12th day of April, A. D. 1915. Edson J. Catlin, Prothonotary.

EVAN P. REES,
April 15, 1915-4t. Sheriff.

Proclamation in Divorce.

The Commonwealth of Pennsylvania. To MARY BENAUER, greeting: Whereas, George F. Benauer, did on the 25th day of July, A. D. 1914, prefer his petition to the Judge of the Court of Common Pleas for the County of Tioga, Pennsylvania, praying that for causes therein set forth he might be divorced from the Bonds of Matrimony entered into with you, the said Mary Benauer. We therefore command you that setting aside all manner of business and excuses whatsoever, you be and appear in your proper person before our Judge at Wellsboro, at the Court of Common Pleas there to be held for the said county, on the fourth Monday of May next, to answer the petition or libel of the said George F. Benauer, and to show cause, if any you have, why the said George F. Benauer, your husband, should not be divorced from the Bonds of Matrimony, agreeably to the Acts of General Assembly in such case made and provided. Hereof fail not.

Witness the Honorable David Cameron, President Judge of our said Court, at Wellsboro, Pa., the 19th day of April, A. D. 1915. Edson J. Catlin, Prothonotary.

EVAN P. REES,
April 22, 1915-4t. Sheriff.

Court Proclamation.

Whereas Hon. David Cameron, President Judge of the Fourth Judicial district of Pennsylvania, composed of the county of Tioga, has issued his precept, to me directed, for the holding of an Orphans' Court, Court of Common Pleas, General Quarter Sessions and Oyer and Terminer at Wellsboro, in and for the county of Tioga, Pennsylvania, on the FOURTH MONDAY of MAY (being the 24th day), A. D. 1915, and to continue three weeks.

Notice is therefore hereby given to the Coroner, Justices of the Peace and Constables in and for said county of Tioga to appear in their own proper persons, with their records, inquisitions, exemptions and remembrances to do those things which of their offices and in their behalf appertain to be done, and all witnesses and other persons prosecuting in behalf of the Commonwealth against any person or persons are required to be then and there attending and not to depart at their peril. Jurors are requested to be punctual in their attendance at the appointed time agreeably to notice.

Given under my hand and seal, at the Sheriff's Office in Wellsboro, the [illegible] day of April, in the year of our Lord one thousand nine hundred and fifteen.

EVAN P. REES,
Wellsboro, Pa., April 22, 1915-5t. Sheriff.

MERCHANT TAILORING

IF you are in need of a nice, neat suit of clothes for Spring or Summer, made to order to please you, call on us. We have a fine line of samples of the latest designs and patterns. Our prices are moderate and our work is guaranteed.

SHERIDAN & SEELY
Over the [illegible]

Tax Payers' Appeal.

The Burgess and Council of Wellsboro will hold a meeting at the Council rooms in the Borough Building at Wellsboro, Pa., on FRIDAY, MAY 21, 1915, at 7:30 o'clock p. m., for the purpose of considering propositions for abatements and corrections of taxes as levied for the year 1915, after which no applications for abatements or corrections will be received.

ALFRED J. SHATTUCK,
Borough Clerk.
Wellsboro, Pa., April 29, 1915-4t.

Orphans' Court Notice.

Notice is hereby given that the following inventories of real and personal estate selected to be retained by the widow and children of the decedents, will be presented in the Orphans' Court to be held at the court-house in Wellsboro, in Tioga county, Pa., on MONDAY, MAY 24, 1915, at two o'clock p. m. for confirmation nisi, and will be finally confirmed on MONDAY, JUNE 7, 1915, at two o'clock p. m., unless cause be shown why said accounts should not be confirmed:

Estate of G. L. Andrews, late of Deerfield, deceased, widow's inventory of personal property.

Estate of Perry C. Bristol, late of Westfield township, deceased, widow's inventory of real and personal property.

Estate of James M. Brown, late of Liberty township, deceased, widow's inventory of personal property.

Estate of James M. Brown, late of Liberty township, deceased, widow's inventory of real and personal property under Act of April 1, 1909.

Estate of Elias S. Cleveland, late of Covington, deceased, widow's inventory of personal property.

Estate of John R. English, late of Morris, deceased, widow's inventory of personal property.

Estate of John R. English, late of Morris, deceased, widow's inventory of real estate.

Estate of Alexander Eberenz, late of Wellsboro, deceased, widow's inventory of personal property.

Estate of Fred L. Nearing, late of Tioga boro, deceased, widow's inventory of personal property.

Estate of Charles T. Vastbinder, late of Osceola, deceased, widow's inventory of personal property.

RANSFORD W. FIELD,
April 29-4t. Clerk.

Administrator's Sale.

By virtue of an order of the Orphans' Court of Tioga county, dated April 27th, 1915, the undersigned, Administrator of the estate of Ida R. Watson, late of Roseville borough, Tioga county, Pennsylvania, deceased, will sell at public vendue at the front door of the court house in Wellsboro, Pa., on SATURDAY, the 22nd day of MAY, 1915, at 2 o'clock p. m.

All that equal undivided one-half interest in that lot of land situate in Roseville borough, Tioga county, Pennsylvania, and described as follows: Beginning in the center of the public road called Elmira street, thence north 82½ degrees west 190 feet to a corner; thence along a street 30 feet wide leading to the Mill Creek road 90 feet to a corner; thence along lands formerly owned by D. Watson and now owned by Mrs. Anna Gillett south 82½ degrees east, 194 feet to the center of Elmira street; and thence along the same south 6¾ degrees west, 90 feet to the place of beginning. Containing 17,200 feet of land, more or less. All improved, with a framed two-story dwelling house, framed barn, outbuildings, fruit and ornamental trees and a well of water thereon.

And also, all the equal undivided one-half interest in that lot of land situate in Roseville borough aforesaid and described as follows: Bounded on the north by the Mansfield road, land of O. S. Nye, the cheese factory lot, land of Mandy Benson, land of John Stout, land of Fred White and land of Augustus Crippen; on the east by land of Augustus Crippen and land of William Levy, land of D. E. Watson, land of Anna Rose, the school-house lot, and said cheese factory lot; on the south by land of Hiram Sherman and land of William Soper; and on the west by land of John F. Benson and land of Emma Arnot. Containing one hundred (100) acres of land, more or less. All improved except 22 acres which is standing timber, (sugar bush,) upon which is situated a framed two-story dwelling house, with wings, porches and additions, a framed half-basement barn 50x52 feet with sheds attached, a framed wagon house 16x20 feet, a framed two-story hog house, a stone engine room with a framed milk room attached, and other outbuildings, a small apple orchard, other fruit and ornamental trees, watered by running brook, springs and the well, also two framed houses and a framed barn with outbuildings attached on a part of said land within the above enclosure. Excepting and reserving about six or seven acres used as a burying ground.

Terms of sale: 25 per cent of bid at time of sale, balance cash on confirmation of sale and delivery of deed.

D. E. WATSON,
April 29, 1915-3t. Administrator.

Register's Notice.

Notice is hereby given that the executors, administrators, guardians, etc., named below have filed their accounts in the Register's office for Tioga county, Pa., and that the said accounts will be presented in the Orphans' Court to be held at the court-house in Wellsboro, in said county, on MONDAY, MAY 24, 1915, at two o'clock p. m., for confirmation nisi, and will be finally confirmed on MONDAY, JUNE 7, 1915, unless causes be shown why said accounts should not be confirmed.

First partial account of Charles Taft, Guardian of Cassie D. Ackley, minor child of L. B. Ackley, deceased.

Account of D. J. Brann, Administrator of the estate of John S. Brann, late of Duncan, deceased.

First and final account of F. D. Bixby, Administrator of the estate of Henrietta Bixby, late of Middlebury, deceased.

First and final account of Nelson E. Smith, Executor of the will of Minerva L. Beeman, late of Lawrenceville, deceased.

Final account of E. R. Maine, Guardian of Josephine Calkins, minor child of R. M. Calkins, deceased.

First and final account of George W. Campbell, guardian of Pearl Campbell, Abbie B. Campbell, Howard H. Campbell and Marjorie Campbell, minor children of Samuel L. Campbell, deceased.

First and final account of Eugene Colegrove, Administrator of the estate of Clarissa E. Colegrove, late of Middlebury, deceased.

First and final account of Orpha L. Clark, Administratrix of the estate of William B. Clark, late of Morris, deceased.

Final account of Hugh B. Strang, Executor of the will of Sarah P. Converse, late of Westfield boro, deceased.

First and final account of Lena E. Coolidge, Administratrix of the estate of Edward D. Coolidge, late of Delmar, deceased.

First and final account of Charles A. Reinwald, Administrator of the estate of Ellen R. Tunmore, late of Gaines, deceased.

First and partial account of John F. Dinnison, Administrator of the estate of James Dinnison, late of Morris, deceased.

First and final account of Ray P. Erway, Executor of the will of R. P. Erway, late of Chatham, deceased.

First and final account of Ray P. Erway, Administrator of the estate of Martha Erway, late of Middlebury, deceased.

First and final account of Charles E. Bullock, Administrator of the estate of Daniel Gaines, late of Union township, deceased.

Third partial account of W. C. Sechrist, Charles M. Washburn, and John D. Allison, Executors of the will of Charles S. Green, late of Union, deceased.

First and final account of Hattie I. Leslie, Executrix of the will of Sarah Ann Hall, late of Farmington, deceased.

Final account of Walter Sherwood, Guardian of Grier Jones, minor child of James E. Jones and Martha Jones.

Second and final account of Mary E. Brown, Administratrix d. b. n. of the estate of James T. Lowe, late of Nelson boro, deceased.

First and final account of Charles B. Lugg, Administrator of the estate of Jennie M. Lowe, late of Nelson boro, deceased.

First and final account of E. H. Owlett, Administrator of the estate of Elmer Lester, late of Charleston, deceased.

First and final account of M. A. Thompson, Guardian of Elmer Lester, minor child of John Lester, deceased.

Final account of A. L. Fick, Executor of the will of Christiana McVoy, late of Liberty, deceased.

First and final account of H. E. Webster, Administrator of the estate of Andrew Nelson, late of Duncan, deceased.

First and final account of F. B. Cope, Executor of the will of Emily D. Oakden, late of Nelson borough, deceased.

First and final account of [illegible] M. Patchin and [illegible] Putnam, Administrators of the estate of T. W. Patchin, late of Covington, deceased.

First and final account of F. A. Baxter, Executor of the will of Maria Phelps, late of Osceola, deceased.

First and final account of Abe Putnam and Florence Colony, Administrators of the estate of Jerome B. Putnam, late of Blossburg, deceased.

First and final account of Anna G. Skelton, Administratrix of the estate of John D. Skelton, late of Wellsboro, deceased.

First and final account of Leon D. Scouten, Administrator of the estate of Charles H. Scouten, late of Charleston, deceased.

First and final account of O. A. Dort, Executor of the will of Ellen Scanlin, late of Delmar, deceased.

First and final account of F. H. Rockwell, guardian of Alfred C. Vater, Raymond R. Vater, Florence G. Vater, and Weldon J. Vater, minor children of F. J. Vater, deceased.

First and final account of R. K. Young, Executor of the will of Harriet M. VanHorn, late of Wellsboro, deceased.

First and partial account of William H. VanNess, Executor of the will of John N. VanN[illegible], late of Richmond, deceased.

RANSFORD W. FIELD,
Register.